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BHARATIYA VIDYA BHAVAN, BOMBAY



5. The re-integration of Bharatiya Vidya, which is the primary object of Bharatiya Shiksha, can only be attained through a study of forces, movements, motives, ideas, forms and art of creative life-energy through which it has expressed itself in different ages as a single continuous process.

6. Bharatiya Shiksha must stimulate the student's power of expression, both written and oral, at every stage in accordance with the highest ideals attained by the great literary masters in the intellectual and moral spheres.

7. The technique of Bharatiya Shiksha must involve—

(a) the adoption by the teacher of the *Guru* attitude which consists in taking a personal interest in the student; inspiring and encouraging him to achieve distinction in his studies; entering into his life with a view to form ideals and remove psychological obstacles; and creating in him a spirit of consecration: and

(b) the adoption by the student of the *Shishya* attitude by the development of—

(i) respect for the teacher,

(ii) a spirit of inquiry,

(iii) a spirit of service towards the teacher, the institution, Bharat and Bharatiya Vidya.

8. The ultimate aim of Bharatiya Shiksha is to teach the younger generation to appreciate and live up to the permanent values of Bharatiya Vidya which flowing from the supreme art of creative life-energy as represented by Shri Ramachandra, Shri Krishna, Vyasa, Buddha and Mahavira have expressed themselves in modern times in the life of Shri Ramakrishna Paramahamsa, Swami Dayananda Saraswati, and Swami Vivekananda, Shri Aurobindo and Mahatma Gandhi.

9. Bharatiya Shiksha while equipping the student with every kind of scientific and technical training must teach the student, not to sacrifice an ancient form or attitude to an unreasoning passion for change; not to retain a form or attitude which in the light of modern times can be replaced by another form or attitude which is a truer and more effective expression of the spirit of Bharatiya Vidya; and to capture the spirit afresh for each generation to present it to the world.

आ नो भद्राः क्रतवो यन्तु विश्वतः।

Let noble thoughts come to us from every side

—Rigveda, 1-89-i

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1969

BHARATIYA VIDYA BHAVAN

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GENERAL EDITOR'S PREFACE

The Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan—that Institute of Indian Culture in Bombay—needed a Book University, a series of books which, if read, would serve the purpose of providing higher education. Particular emphasis, however, was to be put on such literature as revealed the deeper impulsions of India. As a first step, it was decided to bring out in English 100 books, 50 of which were to be taken in hand almost at once. Each book was to contain from 200 to 250 pages and was to be priced at Rs. 2.50.

It is our intention to publish the books we select, not only in English, but also in the following Indian languages: Hindi, Bengali, Gujarati, Marathi, Tamil, Telugu, Kannada and Malayalam.

This scheme, involving the publication of 900 volumes, requires ample funds and an all-India organisation. The Bhavan is exerting its utmost to supply them.

The objectives for which the Bhavan stands are the re-integration of the Indian culture in the light of modern knowledge and to suit our present-day needs and the resuscitation of its fundamental values in their pristine vigour.

Let me make our goal more explicit:

We seek the dignity of man, which necessarily implies the creation of social conditions which would allow him freedom to evolve along the lines of his own temperament and capacities; we seek the harmony of individual efforts and social relations, not in any makeshift way, but within the framework of the Moral Order; we seek the creative art of life, by

the alchemy of which human limitations are progressively transmuted, so that man may become the instrument of God, and is able to see Him in all and all in Him.

The world, we feel, is too much with us. Nothing would uplift or inspire us so much as the beauty and aspiration which such books can teach.

In this series, therefore, the literature of India, ancient and modern, will be published in a form easily accessible to all. Books in other literatures of the world, if they illustrate the principles we stand for, will also be included.

This common pool of literature, it is hoped, will enable the reader, eastern or western, to understand and appreciate currents of world thought, as also the movements of the mind in India, which, though they flow through different linguistic channels, have a common urge and aspiration.

Fittingly, the Book University's first venture is the *Mahabharata*, summarised by one of the greatest living Indians, C. Rajagopalachari; the second work is on a section of it, the *Gita* by H. V. Divatia, an eminent jurist and a student of philosophy. Centuries ago, it was proclaimed of the *Mahabharata*: "What is not in it, is nowhere." After twenty-five centuries, we can use the same words about it. He who knows it not, knows not the heights and depths of the soul; he misses the trials and tragedy and the beauty and grandeur of life.

The *Mahabharata* is not a mere epic; it is a romance, telling the tale of heroic men and women and of some who were divine; it is a whole literature in itself, containing a code of life, a philosophy of social and ethical relations, and speculative thought on human problems that is hard to rival; but, above all, it has for its core the *Gita*, which is, as the

world is beginning to find out, the noblest of scriptures and the grandest of sagas in which the climax is reached in the wondrous Apocalypse in the Eleventh Canto.

Through such books alone the harmonies underlying true culture, I am convinced, will one day reconcile the disorders of modern life.

I thank all those who have helped to make this new branch of the Bhavan's activity successful.

1, Queen Victoria Road,
New Delhi.
3rd October, 1951.

K. M. MUNSHI

PREFACE

I had been planning for some time now, the publication of a few small books presenting the beauties of Sanskrit Literature in a way that would interest a modern reader. They should be such as would be understood and appreciated by those who know nothing about Sanskrit Literature. It was with some such idea that I prepared two books, one on the Vedas and the other on Kalidasa, both having been published by the Andhra University. When I wrote *The Survey of Sanskrit Literature*, published by the Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan, I could only explain the general tendencies in the Literature presenting some ideas about the various types, without giving any passages as examples for such explanations. No amount of citations would be adequate for the purpose in such a survey. This is what can be done only in separate books on the various works and authors.

Shri K. M. Munshi, the Kulapati of the Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan, suggested that I might give a readable summary of the *Kadambari* of Bana with an Introduction. I gladly accepted the suggestion. This book is the result. This is not a translation of the original, even in its abridged form. Nor is it a mere narration of the story following the original Romance of Bana. I have been very faithful to the original in the matter, and at the same time, there is practically no passage which has been translated with literal fidelity from the original. I have not omitted any substantial material so far as the story goes. I have added nothing either. I have strictly followed the sequence of events in my version, found in the original Romance. What has been omitted in the course of the abridgement is in the form of the many long descriptions of objects and situation. Such descriptions cannot be successfully

rendered into another language. In many places the rendering is so very faithful to the original that sometimes it may appear to be a translation. But nowhere has a literal fidelity been attempted.

I have divided the whole book into a few sections. Such a division and the titles of each division are my own and have no authority in the original or in any edition of the work. I feel that such a division would help the reader in keeping up the thread unbroken in the matter of the rather complicated story.

I have tried to be free in the matter of the expressions, avoiding all stiffness which is inevitable when a work is rendered from one language into another with considerable differences in the matter of grammar and modes of expression between the two languages. Lucidity had been my chief aim. In a translation with literal fidelity, such lucidity is not possible.

This is a popular work and there are many words that are in the Sanskrit language, mostly as proper names. I have retained them in the rendering. I have not attempted to give the words with proper phonetic spelling so that the readers could understand the correct pronunciation. For this, diacritical marks become necessary and unless the readers know the full values of such marks, they will not help them to know the correct spelling. So I give the popular spelling of such proper names. Indians can find no difficulty to know the right pronunciation, as most of the names are familiar ones in the various languages. It is the English pronunciation that is kept up in giving the spelling of such proper names.

The outline of the main story in the romance may be rather simple. But Bana has presented it in a setting of art.

It is not narrated as a simple story; it is a series of narrations, narrations coming within narrations, passing on from one to another as a sort of re-lay arrangement. Thus there is the possibility of the reader losing the thread of the story. I am giving a glossary of the proper names and it is hoped that this too would help the reader to find out the end of the thread if he misses it. I am also adding the story in its simple outline in the Introduction.

There have been various editions of the text and there are also commentaries for the work. English translations have also been published in recent times. The main story has been narrated in its simple form in the Introduction to some of them. The story has also been separately written out as independent books. Still it is my hope that this is not a duplication of any of such material already available and that it will be a useful contribution to the knowledge relating to Sanskrit literature for modern readers.

In presenting this work of art in its abridged form, the attitude that I take up is that nothing is worth presenting unless it is worthy of India to present to the world and unless it is worthwhile for humanity to accept it. A presentation of such a work of art is not a mere inventory of facts in which everything is jumbled together. There must be a selection and only such facts need be presented that are worthy of India and that will be acceptable for the world. I do not subscribe to the tendency, sometimes observed in books written about ancient India, to hide good qualities to show that no false sense of patriotism has influenced in the selection and to bring into prominence unseemly aspects in the name of adherence to

truth. There is nothing that is absolutely good and there is nothing that is absolutely bad. In an art we select what is good and discard what is bad. This is the difference between an art and an inventory. Sometimes what is good has to be brought out in the presentation, and aspects seem to be bad on account of the wrong method adopted in the presentation. Thus what I am attempting is to present art from the point of view of art, and according to methods found in art. There is no false sense of pride and there is no false adherence to some imagined truth. There is only an artist's way of presenting an art. This is what I have tried to follow in this book.

It is not at all my claim that in this book I have either attempted or succeeded in making the beauty of Bana's art clearly manifest to the reader. If the readers, after going through the book, feel that there is something possible in the original work of Bana that can give pleasure to the modern readers, if the readers begin to feel that after all it is worthwhile to look into ancient Indian contributions for a source of happiness in life, then I am more than amply rewarded in my labour. India had contributed much towards the happiness of humanity and my only ambition in attempting this work is to convince the readers that there is some truth in such a claim on behalf of the Sanskrit Literature.

Now it is my very pleasant duty to thank Shri K. M. Munshi for suggesting the work to me and for accepting the work for publication when the book was prepared; the Bhavan also deserves my sincere thanks for including the work in the Book University Series. The Press has finished the printing

of the book in a very short time and I am fully satisfied with the excellent work they have done. The Bhavan made very good arrangements in the matter of reading the proof and this has made my own task simple. I thank the Press and the Bhavan for this also.

C. KUNHAN RAJA

Naimisham
Dr. C. Kunhan Raja Academy
Cultural Centre for World Harmony
3, Laurel Lane, Bangalore 1.

29th July 1963.

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INTRODUCTION

Every language develops certain individual traits when a literature grows in that language. Sanskrit is no exception. There are patterns of literature in Sanskrit that are not found in other languages. Even in such patterns that are in common with the literatures in other languages, Sanskrit language has maintained certain special features which mark out its individuality in sharp outline. In the early languages of man, it is noted that there is a predominance of prose literature and that literature is mainly in the form of the accounts of kings and of matters relating to the wealthy people; gods and teachers and priests loom large in such early literatures outside Sanskrit. It is in Sanskrit that we find the earliest literary art as poetry among the languages of the world.

It is not only that Sanskrit developed poetic art earlier than any language in the world, Sanskrit adopted and adapted the poetic form, the language determined by metre, for intellectual activities outside the domain of art. This resulted in a synthesis of art and intellectualism in the literature of Sanskrit, a feature that is not found in any other language of the world, ancient or modern. While prose has been perfected as a medium for the presentation of literary art even in the earliest stages of the development of Sanskrit Literature, the poetic form of language, language determined by metre, has been adopted for scientific works from those early days. Thus, Shaunaka, an authority on Vedic exegesis, has written an index of the deities in the Rigveda, along with related matter in metrical language and he has also written a work on the grammar of the Rigveda in the same poetic form. They are known as the Brihaddevata and the Rigveda Pratishakhya respectively.

Prose, without the limitations of metre, developed in two ways. There are the prose passages in the form of very short, crisp sentences in addressing the various objects utilised for religious rituals and there is also the free, elegant prose made use of in narrations, in interpretations and in descriptions. Thus, from the earliest times, it is found that the division of language into prose and poetry had no relation to the difference between the art side and the science side in the use of language. Language remained language and the distinction of language into metrical and prose styles had only a relation to the form and not at all to the content which the form is made to include. This art-intellect synthesis is a feature that is unique in Sanskrit, without a parallel in any other language.

This feature continued in Sanskrit during its entire period of growth. Prose and metrical language were intermingled in the same work. Thus, in the Atharvaveda, there are two Books out of twenty that are in prose while the other Books are in poetry. The Yajurveda presents the main type of the prose, while there are also metrical passages coming into it. The same scheme is followed in the Brahmanas and in the Upanishads. In the Brahmanas, the main language is the prose while there are beautiful metrical passages also included within this prose. In the Upanishads, some are in metrical language and others are in prose. In the Itihasa known as the Mahabharata, there are portions in prose and this is also the case with the Purana called the Bhagavata. In classical Sanskrit, there is a type developed called the Champu in which there are prose portions and metrical language interspersed. The dramas also contain prose with a conversational ease along with fine poetry in metrical language.

Sanskrit language developed certain types of literature in which only one or the other is used as the medium of literary art. There are two patterns of literary art in Sanskrit which

are unique in the language. They are the Maha Kavyas or the Grand Epics and the Gadya Kavyas or the prose romances. They are found only within the region of the Classical Literature and not in the earlier literature known as the Vedas. There are two types of long poetry in Sanskrit. They are the long epics divided into the Itihasas or ancient chronicles and the Puranas or the ancient lore. In form they correspond to the epics in other languages like the works of Homer in Greek, the Shah Nameh of Firdousi in Persian and the Paradise Lost of Milton in English. In the Itihasas and in the Puranas, there is a particular kind of metre, now called the epic metre, predominant. But some longer metres are also found introduced into this type of literature in Sanskrit. In the epics of other languages the metre is uniform. In all of them, whether they are in Sanskrit or in other languages, the whole work is divided into a few Books. The special feature in Sanskrit is the length of the poem. The smallest of them is about double the size of Milton's Paradise Lost.

The Maha Kavyas or the Grand Epics of Sanskrit come nearer to the epics of the other languages in the matter of size. But the Sanskrit Maha Kavyas are generally slightly shorter. There are hundreds and hundreds of such Maha Kavyas in Sanskrit, while in all the other languages of the world, the total number, when they are all put together, may not go beyond the first digit. In the matter of artistic beauty, the Grand Epics in Sanskrit can stand by the side of the best in the other languages, while some of them deserve a place higher than the best in the other languages.

While in the Maha Kavyas, the language used is metrical, there is a type of Kavyas or poetry in Sanskrit called the Gadya Kavyas or poetic art in prose. The number of such poems is not very large in Sanskrit In the other languages there is no type corresponding to it.

In the works on literary criticism in Sanskrit, we do not find any distinction made between the language of prose and the language of poetry. There is nothing called "poetic license" in the matter of grammar, found in Sanskrit literature. It is the same language that is found whether it is prose or metrical. Perhaps a deviation from the strict rules of syntax may be more patent in metrical language than in prose. But in prose also, such deviations are met with freely. In the works on literary criticism in Sanskrit we find that the medium of literary art, the art of poetry, may be either prose or metrical language. Poetic art can be presented in both with equal success. Sometimes the two styles are mixed together in the same work of art, as in the case of the pattern known as the Champu. Both the styles are used in works on sciences, works on philosophy and works on other subjects of an intellectual nature. There is plenty of poetic art exhibited even in such works which represent the intellectual side of man's activity whether the language style used is prose or observes the rules of metre. Similarly, in works of pure literary art, there is always an intellectual element freely introduced, without any detriment to the art side of the work.

This art-intellect concord in Indian literature is not either an accident or an insignificant feature to be ignored. It is the essence of the genius of India. It is the symbol of the national unity of the people. In India there has never been any kind of discord among the various elements that constitute the civic life of the nation, politics, religion, aristocracy, monied class, labour, scientists, philosophers and other classes of free-thinkers. They formed a united nation. That is why there has never been a case of a persecution of free thought as was the case with Socrates in Greece, and no teacher heralding a new order based on the Law of God, had to suffer any danger to his life. The contrast between the free life enjoyed by

Buddha in India and the dangers to which the life of Teachers outside India was exposed, cannot be missed by any one. Every one could freely preach any new religious doctrine, every one could freely express his philosophical views regarding the nature of the world. Artists were free to introduce all kinds of scientific, religious and philosophical thoughts into their art. As a matter of fact, in most of the cases, it was the same person who was a scientist, a philosopher, a religious teacher and an artist. Thus, this art-intellect synthesis must be taken as a symbol of the national genius of India. Without a recognition of this national genius, there is no possibility of a correct appreciation of the literary art in Sanskrit. The distinction between art and intellectualism is more in the matter of the weightage of the element in a work rather than as a distinction between two types of literary activity.

Among the Maha Kavyas or Grand Epics, written in metrical language, the two works of Kalidasa, namely, the Raghuvamsa and the Kumara Sambhava, the Kiratarjuniya of Bharavi, the Shishupala Vadha of Magha and the Naishadhiya Charita of Shri Harsha are recognised as the best. In the case of poetic art in prose style, there are the two works of Bana and Subandhu which are the most important. Bana has written a romance based on the life of his friend, king Harsha of Kanouj and he has also written the romance called the Kadambari. Subandhu's work is called the Vasavadatta. There are many other works of this type, though the number is not so large as in the case of the Maha Kavyas.

We do not know of a Maha Kavya prior to the works of Kalidasa. It is doubtful whether there is a specimen in the field of the Gadya Kavya or poetic art in prose, available prior to the works of Bana. There must have been some works. But they are not available. A work called the Vasava-

datta is known in the grammatical work of Patanjali of the second century B.C. Patanjali also speaks of Kathas or Romances. There had also been works known as Akhyayikas, which are also romances. There has been some controversy among writers on literary criticism, even in ancient days, whether such classifications of Gadya Kavyas need be resorted to at all. They try to make some such distinction based on the technique and form, while others do not recognise such a classification.

Bana himself mentions many works of poetic art in the introductory portion of his historical romance dealing with the life of king Harsha of Kanouj. Among them he mentions a prose work called the Vasavadatta. There is a view that Bana was referring to the prose work of Subandhu. There is also a view that Subandhu must be later than Bana. We cannot, with the material available at present, come to a decision on the matter. Bana also mentions a Bhattara Harichandra who is praised for his prose style. Here also we do not know the details.

We are on sure grounds when we assign the two Romances, the historical one dealing with the life of king Harsha of Kanouj and the Romance called the Kadambari, to Bana. We also know the date of Bana. He was a contemporary of king Harsha of Kanouj and this king was one of the most famous rulers in India. His date was in the first half of the seventh century A.D. We know many prose works that followed Bana. As for any such work prior to Bana, we have at present to remain in a state of suspense. Whether there had been specimens of Gadya Kavya prior to Bana or whether there have been such poetry after Bana, Bana's Kadambari stands pre-eminent in the field of such poetry. Although he has another historical romance to his credit, his fame depends mainly on his Kadambari.

Bana was a great and erudite scholar. He gives some information about himself in his historical romance. He had spent some time in his youth in a very irresponsible manner. He had wandered about the whole country and he had to mix with people of various gradations in society, and in some cases his company had not been very happy. Such a wandering life must have given him an opportunity to know the world as it was with its various good and bad sides. This experience must have added considerably to his knowledge of men and the world. What he had was not a mere intellectual stock of erudition; it was an experience to him. That must be one of the contributory factors in his great success, introducing learning into his literary art. There is a saying that there is nothing in the world which Bana had not munched, that everything in the world is what he had munched and thrown out later. There is an ease with which he introduces erudition into his poetic art which is not found in other poets. There is no sort of effort in him. Everything flows out on its own accord and finds a fitting place in the scheme of the art; nothing appears as a protrusion in his art.

Much of the element of erudition that finds a place in the works of Bana had to be omitted in this condensation and as such it is not possible to do justice to the point in an introduction to such an abridgement. In Bana we find the perfect concord between art and intellectualism. He takes up a simple tale. He takes the material for his art that was already available and that must have been known to the people. The originality is not in the matter, but in the manner in which the matter is presented. That is his art also. In the story, men and gods and demi-gods come together along with birds and animals. This unity of the world has been an integral part of the culture of India even from its earliest times and we find this unity even in the Vedas. In the Vedas.

the communion of man with the gods is the real back-ground. There is also collaboration between men and gods found in the Vedas. A great philosopher poet of the Rigveda, Dirghatamas says that the gods called Parjanyas enliven the earth (through the rains) and the fires (in the rituals) enliven the heaven (where the gods live). (Rigveda 1-164-51). This collaboration is found elsewhere also in the Rigveda. In a poem attributed to Yama, in which the happy life of Yama in the other world is described, it is said that the gods brought prosperity to the men and men gave prosperity to the gods (Rigveda X-14-3). This idea continued in the classical times and Bhagavad Gita says the same thing (III-II) and Kalidasa repeats the same idea in his Raghuvamsa (1-26). The unity of the world with gods and men and animals and birds and the communion of men with the gods and their collaboration are at the root of Indian culture. In handling the theme, Bana follows the same tradition.

The story must have found a place in the Brihatkatha, one of the oldest collections of tales, known in Sanskrit. But that original text is now lost to us. We have with us only the contents of that original work in later presentations. Bana makes an art out of that simple tale. He presents the sequence of events in his own way. Perhaps in the matter of the mode of narrating the story, he had been following some ancient tradition. The romance is not an unitary narration. The poet starts the story and passes it on to one of the characters in the story. Then the narration continues until the narration is handed over to another character. In this way there are narrations within narrations. Ultimately, the narration comes to the point where it started in the work. It forms something like a neck-lace in this way, both ends being tied on together, to be worn on the neck. Such a narration within narration is what is found in many of the story books. This

is also a technique found in the Ramayana and in the Mahabharata. In the Ramayana, the poet, Valmiki, composed the poem and he taught it to the two sons of the hero, Shri Rama and they, being incognito, recited the entire work before the hero. In the Mahabharata, the poet, Veda Vyasa, composed the poem and he taught it to his disciple Vaishampayana and he on his part recited it before a king, who was a descendent of the heroes of the poem. At this recitation during a grand festival, a bard heard the whole poem and he recited it before the assembly of some sages in a place called the Naimisha Forest.

When the narration is by a character in the story there is a dramatic element in it. We are face to face with the characters in the story. It is not like Milton's Paradise Lost or Firdousi's Shah Nameh, where we sit in a desolate corner and read the poem, without any contact with any of the characters in the story. In the technique current in Indian literature, the characters address us, as in a drama. In this relay method of narration, it is also found that events that took place earlier are narrated only at a much later stage and this adds to the suspense and to the interest in the story. In a narration by the poet himself, it becomes very direct and we come to know the events in the sequence in which they took place in the actual story.

The story in the Kadambari is very simple. There was a great Sage named Shvetaketu who lived in the heavenly regions. He had a son named Pundarika, whose mother was Lakshmi. Pundarika had a companion named Kapinjala. Both had a good education and they were the masters of all wisdom. They took to the monastic order living in the hermitage and leading a life of penance. One day they went to a holy place called the Acchoda Lake.

There was a class of demi-gods called the Gandharvas. There were some clans of this class of demi-gods who traced their origin to the rays of the moon. In one such clan there was a king named Chitraratha and in another there was a king named Hamsa. Chitraratha had a daughter named Kadambari, and Madira was her mother. Hamsa had a daughter named Mahashveta whose mother was Gauri. The same day when Pundarika and his companion went to the Acchoda Lake, Mahashveta also happened to go there with her mother to bathe and worship the great God, Shiva. Pundarika and Mahashveta fell in love with each other. Mahashveta had to return since her mother was ready. Kapinjala tried his best to dissuade his companion, Pundarika, from this pursuit of worldly pleasures which was unworthy of the family to which they belonged. But he could do nothing. Kapinjala knew about Mahashveta from her companion and when he found that his companion had fallen into a precarious condition on account of his love for Mahashveta, he went over to Hemakuta, where the Gandharvas live, to report the condition of his companion to them. Mahashveta herself had been spending a very hard time on account of her love for Pundarika. She decided to go to the lake herself to see that hermit boy. But by the time she could reach the place, Pundarika was dead. There was a supernatural being who carried away the body of Pundarika, Kapinjala followed him.

When Pundarika was in a state of despondency, he cursed the moon that had already risen, that he would become a man on the earth and suffer the pangs of unrealised love in birth after birth. The moon was irritated at this since he was only doing his duty and he cursed Pundarika that the latter too would be born on the earth and suffer the same pangs of unrealised love in birth after birth. Afterwards the moon regretted his action. Mahashveta traced her descent from the

rays of the moon and to that extent she was a descendent of the moon. It was on account of his love for Mahashveta that Pundarika had fallen into that state. So he wanted to see that the body of Pundarika did not decay when life departed from him. The moon came down and took away the body of Pundarika to his own region for safe keeping. He also gave a message of solace to Mahashveta that she should continue her life and that she would be re-united with Pundarika at some later stage. Therefore Mahashveta took to the life of a hermit, belonging to an Order called the Pashupatas, and she took up her residence in a cave near-by as her hermitage.

Kapinjala knew all the details from the moon and he was moving about in the aerial regions in an aimless manner filled with grief, when he crossed the path of a celestial being. The latter cursed him that since he crossed his path like an unbridled horse, he would be born as a horse on the earth. He fell down into the ocean whence he rose up as a wonderful horse, which the king of Persia picked up.

The moon was born on the earth as Chandrapida, son of Tarapida, the king of Ujjayini. He had a minister named Shukanasa and Pundarika was born as his son, and he was given the name of Vaishampayana. The king of Persia sent that horse to Tarapida. When Rohini, one of the wives of the moon found that the moon would be born as a man, she wanted to serve him in that life and she came to the earth as a daughter of the king of the Kuluta country, and she had the name of Patralekha.

When Chandrapida and Vaishampayna had finished their education, Tarapida crowned Chandrapida as heir-apparent, and gave him the horse, which had the name of Indrayudha, for him to ride, Patralekha was sent to the queen of Tarapida

and the queen asked Chandrapida to accept her as his companion to attend on him.

Chandrapida went out for an expedition in the whole country to assert the suzerain authority of the king in the whole empire. At the end of this expedition, he camped at Suvarnapura. Vaishampayana and Patralekha were also with him. One day, Chandrapida went out for a hunt all alone riding his horse Indrayudha. He met a pair of demi-gods who had the body of men and the head of a horse. Out of curiosity, he wanted to catch hold of them and he chased them. But they escaped to the mountain top. He was all alone. He had not noticed the route which he had followed and he did not know how he should return and join his companions. He was tired and so he searched for some water and came to the Acchoda Lake. There he met Mahashveta, who entertained him as an honoured guest. When Chandrapida wanted to know the circumstances under which she took to that life even at that tender age, she narrated the entire story.

Since Mahashveta was in that condition, the other Gandharva girl, Kadambari, decided to remain unmarried till Mahashveta would be re-united with her lover. But Kadambari's parents were eager to dissuade her from such a determination and Mahashveta decided to go to Hemakuta herself to try to intercede in the matter. So she invited Chandrapida also to pay a visit to the wonderful place which invitation Chandrapida accepted. They went to Hemakuta and when he met Kadambari, love began to spring up in the hearts of both. Chandrapida stayed there for a day and a night and left for his camp the next morning. By that time, his following had traced his track through the hoof-prints of the horse, Indrayudha, and they had already reached the Lake.

Kadambari's condition was very serious and so a young Gandharva named Keyuraka was sent to Chandrapida with a

message that he might pay another visit to Hemakuta. He decided to pay another visit and took Patralekha too with him. He spent some time there and when he was about to depart, Kadambari expressed a desire that Patralekha be left behind, to which Chandrapida agreed. When Chandrapida went back to the lake there was a message from his father that he should return immediately. So he did not stop at all but rode to Ujjayini. He asked the commander of the army to escort Patralekha later and placed the entire army under the command of Vaishampayana.

Chandrapida reached Ujjayini and met his parents. His heart was full of feelings for Kadambari. The father and his minister were thinking of the problem of marriage for Chandrapida. At this time, Patralekha returned under the escort of the commander of the army and reported about the sad condition of Kadambari in her state of distress due to her love for Chandrapida. Later Keyuraka also came there with a similar report. Patralekha had promised to bring Chandrapida back to Hemakuta without delay and Keyuraka also went there with a similar mission. But how can Chandrapida leave the place? His army had not yet returned. If Vaishampayana had been there he could at least have spoken freely to some one. At this time reports arrived that the army was returning. Chandrapida, under instructions from Tarapida, went out of the city to offer a grand welcome to Vaishampayana who was expected to return along with the army. But when Chandrapida reached the army, he found that Vaishampayana had not returned. The army had a very alarming tale to narrate.

Before the army was to march on its return journey, Vaishampayana had suggested that all of them should bathe in the holy Acchoda Lake and worship the great God Shiva nearby. When he reached the lake, his whole cond tion chan-

ged. He seemed to remember something. He seemed to be looking for something that had been lost. He refused to leave the place. The army was compelled to return without him, and a small number of men were left behind to look after him and to watch him. Vaishampayana went to the hermitage of Mahashveta. He was Pundarika in his previous birth and he loved Mahashveta then and was also loved by her. He remembered something of it. He fell in love with her and made approaches to her. She became furious. She knew nothing about his identity as her own lover in the previous birth and he too could not definitely say anything about it though he had some sort of a faint recollection of such events. When he persisted in his approaches, she cursed him that he would become a parrot since he was talking like a parrot. He fell down dead.

Chandrapida decided to go to the Acchoda Lake himself to bring Vaishampayana back and this had the full support of Tarapida and Shukanasa. He felt happy that it would give him a chance to go to Hemakuta and meet Kadambari along with his companion. When he reached the lake, there was no sign of Vaishampayana. He decided to go to Mahashveta in the hope that she might have some information. When he went to her, she told him the whole tale of that calamity. On hearing this, the heart of Chandrapida burst. That gave additional pain to the heart of Mahashveta, and the army that accompanied Chandrapida was also struck with grief at this event.

Kadambari had heard from Patralekha that Chandrapida would be there by that time and she started from Hemakuta to the Acchoda Lake to meet Chandrapida. She could only see the dead body of Chandrapida. At that time there was again a celestial voice which said that Chandrapida's body should be preserved and that life would return to it and that

Kadambari would be re-united with him. She too decided to take to the life of penance like Mahashveta and she lived near that lake taking care of the body of Chandrapida.

When Tarapida could not see Chandrapida return though many days had elapsed, he decided to start himself. The king and the queen with the minister and his wife started and they went near the lake. They came to know about this misfortune and the promise of happiness later. Tarapida had decided to lay down the burden of government completely when Chandrapida would be married. Now, his future wife was there though Chandrapida himself was not alive. But there was the promise. So he decided to take up residence in a hermitage there.

When Chandrapida died, Patralekha who had gone there with Kadambari jumped into the lake along with Indrayudha. Kapinjala came out and narrated the whole story of the curse of the moon by Chandrapida and the return of the curse by the moon, his own curse which compelled him to become the horse Indrayudha. Then he went to the heavenly regions to report everything to Pundarika's father, Shvetaketu.

Chandrapida was born as king Shudraka at Vidisha. Vaishampayana, when he died as a result of the curse of Mahashveta, was born as a parrot in the regions near the Vindhya mountain where there was the lake Pampa and also the hermitage of Jabali. When the parrot was born, the mother died due to labour pain. The father had to look after the young one. One day a hunter came there and began to pull down the birds from their nests in the silk-cotton tree in which the parrot and its father had their nest. The father was thrown down and the young one was between the legs of the father and was also dropped down. But it was not hurt and it managed to extricate itself from the clutches. It crept to the foot of another

tree. The hunter collected the birds, including the father and went away. The young parrot was left behind, unnoticed by the hunter. It was feeling very thirsty and crept to the lake. At that time, Harita, son of the sage Jabali went there and took care of the little parrot. He took it to the hermitage. Jabali said that the parrot was suffering the effects of its own errors and later when night started, he narrated the whole story of its two previous births as Pundarika and Vaishampayana. The little parrot too was called Vaishampayana. When the parrot heard the whole story, it began to remember everything in its two previous births. It asked Jabali where Chandrapida was born, since it was eager to meet him. But Jabali said that the parrot was too young without wings to go to him and that he would give the information at the proper time.

Shvetaketu had known all the events and he started a great ritual to save his son from the effects of the curse. He told Kapinjala, Pundarika's friend, about the birth of Vaishampayana as a parrot and asked Kapinjala to go to Jabali's hermitage to give a message to the parrot, which was the same Pundarika in his second birth, after his life as Vaishampayana, the son of Shukanasa. When he reached Jabali's hermitage, the parrot and Kapinjala were happy to meet again. The parrot knew nothing about Chandrapida's birth as Shudraka at Vidisha; but it remembered Mahashveta. It was too young to fly to that place near the Acchoda Lake and Shvetaketu had sent a message through Kapinjala that the parrot should not leave the hermitage of Jabali.

When Kapinjala left the place to meet Shvetaketu again and help him in his rituals, the parrot was feeling the pangs of love for Mahashveta and it decided to fly to that place. Wings began to grow and it could fly to the places nearby. So it started on its adventure. On the way it was too tired to continue the flight and so it took rest on a tree. There it was

caught in the nest of a hunter and it was carried to the hunter chieftain's camp where there was the daughter of the hunter chieftain. The parrot was kept in a wooden cage and was also fed. Years passed. The period of the curse terminated. All of a sudden, the hunter chieftain's dirty camp became a splendid place and the wooden cage became a golden one. Everything changed. Really the daughter of the hunter chieftain was the mother of Pundarika, and Shvetaketu sent her to the place to look after the parrot when it had left the safe hermitage of Jabali. She took care of the parrot till the end of the period of the curse and then took it to king Shudraka. The parrot narrated its entire story from its birth and also its story in the previous two births as narrated by Jabali, to king Shudraka. Then the hunter chieftain's daughter who had carried the parrot to the king, addressed the king as the moon himself, and also as the lover of Kadambari. She went up to the heavens after this, leaving the parrot in the hands of the king.

The king also began to remember his love for Kadambari. The parrot was still in its body as a parrot with all the recollections of the previous births and of the love affair. Both of them suffered the pangs of love and in the end they died. At this time, when the period of the curse had ended and when king Shudraka and the parrot left off their bodies, the body of Chandrapida revived in the hermitage near the Acchoda Lake. The body of Pundarika also revived in the regions of the moon. Kapinjala and Pundarika went there and joined Chandrapida. Information was sent to Tarapida, who was living in the hermitage close by and he and the queen and the minister and his wife also went there. Information was also sent to Hemakuta and the parents of both Kadambari and Mahashveta also came there. Chandrapida married Kadambari and Pundarika married Mahashveta. Shukanasa was happy to

secure Pundarika as his own son and it was Pundarika himself who was Shukanasa's son, Vaishampayana. Chandrapida too accepted him as his own companion.

Chandrapida became the king of Ujjayini, as Tarapida finally gave up his position as king. Kadambari's father also made him the king of the Gandharvas, since he had no son. Mahashveta's father conferred his position as the king of another Gandharva Clan on Pundarika. Chandrapida left the affairs of the government of the empire in the hands of Pundarika, his former companion as Vaishampayana. Chandrapida spent his time in Ujjayini and at Hemakuta and also in the regions of the moon. Sometimes he went to the residence of Shvetaketu, the father of Pundarika. . Thus all of them were re-united and lived in eternal happiness. Kadambari was able to meet Patralekha in the regions of the moon as Rohini.

This is the simple outline of the story of the romance. Bana made an elaborate work of art out of it. Various descriptions are added to the story. Cities and forests and lakes and trees and animals were described in great detail. Various situations and various movements of people and of the army also come into the picture. Characters were delineated and their emotions presented in a very graphic manner. Various soliloquies and dialogues where such emotions find free expression, often take up the nature of beautiful lyrics in prose. Gods and celestial sages and demi-gods and men mingle together as if all of them belonged to a single genus. Nature also comes into the romance as living characters. There is the horse and there is the parrot, both being real characters in the romance in forms other than human remembering their life as men. Kadambari speaks about her dear friends. the creepers and the trees which she wanted to be united together in wedlock. She has also had her pets as parrots and other birds. All of them play their parts equally well like human beings.

It may be that the descriptions and other features which form the original contribution of the poet to the romance, are classical and standardised, and they follow a set pattern. The fact is that such is real art. An artist exhibits his artistic genius, his originality, in his presentation and not in the material that is presented. He takes up what was already available and he presents it in his own individual way. No poet invents new metres. He handles the traditional metres in his own way and in some cases, the new presentations may become new patterns. Dance is standardised and so is music and painting. But each presentation of this standardised pattern contains a new mode which is the art of the artist. The patterns keep up the continuity and the artist's new presentation contributes to the progress of the art. This is what Bana too has done in his romance. His descriptions are not reprints from a set original. There is the individuality, the personality, of the artist in the descriptions in the romance. His genius is revealed in his presentations.

It may also be that there is a strong element of artificiality in the descriptions. This is also what is true of real art. Art is art because of the element of artificiality. Art does not present a reprint of what is already available in Nature. Then one can enjoy Nature itself and there is no need for an artist. What the artist does is to present aspects in what are available in Nature, which aspects an ordinary person cannot detect in the objective Nature. What is not detected in Nature is what is artificial, as distinct from what is natural. What is artificial which does not form a factor in art, is what is not detected in Nature by the ordinary persons and what is not detected even by an artist, as remaining hidden behind the surface of the things which surface alone the ordinary persons can detect. An artist's artificiality is art.

In the long descriptions in the romance, there are various comparisons made. In many cases the comparisons are far-fetched. The relations between the two facts thus compared may be only in the words used. The words may have two meanings and in one meaning it applies to one and in the other meaning it applies to the other. There is no factual relation between the two objects thus compared. There is no idea relating them to each other. The relation is only verbal. And such comparisons are piled up one above the other. In this way the descriptions become very elaborate too. They form beautiful decorations to the picture though they may not have any factual position in the picture. Such descriptions bring about a special charm to the art. It is not always the idea that can give the charm to the art. The settings too contribute to the charm.

Bharata raises this point in his work on dramaturgy. He says that a drama is the presentation of man in action. Why should there be a dance in such presentations? Dances do not form an element in the ordinary activities of a person and dramas represent such activities. To this Bharata gives the reply that such dances, though they do not manifest any meaning, contribute to the production of a charm in the art.

Every artist introduces such elements in his art. Thus in music, they show off their command of their voice and also their mastery over handling the notes. Such exhibitions do not rouse up any idea in the hearers. But they derive some pleasure through the special charm associated with such exhibitions. The same we find in painting and in sculpture. In architecture, this is very prominent. The main purpose in a poetic art may be to rouse up certain emotions in the hearers through the particular mode of presentation of a theme. But this is re-inforced by other art elements. That is what Bana has done in his elaborate descriptions. They add a special charm to the

art. In the classics of the west, there are various long drawn out similes. Critics admire and glorify this element in the classical literary art of the west. Language may have as its main purpose, the communication of ideas. But in art it has also a further purpose. It is this further purpose that is served by such long descriptions.

Such descriptions are introduced only as ornamentations of the romance. They come into the romance only on proper occasions, in proper proportions. They do not shut out the story in the romance from the view of the reader. They give a beauty to the story that is always kept before the reader. It also comes as a change in the otherwise possible monotony of the narration. The narration provides the movement and the description slows down the movement so that the reader gets time and leisure to have a full view of the events in the story. There is neither a rush nor a stagnation. There is slow, rhythmic movement.

The story itself is what is not common within the experience of man. There are gods and divine sages and demi-gods as integral parts of the romance. Such supernatural elements add to the "Romantic" character of the work of art. There is nothing which we cannot believe within the realm of the romance, though in ordinary experience we may not give credence to any such report of events. All the supernatural beings in the romance behave and feel like human beings and this brings about the realistic character of the art. At the same time, such elements raise us above the blunt facts of the real world around us. The human characters also are elevated above the common place. There is the happy combination of realism with romanticism.

There are arresting situations and we find ourselves in a state of suspense. But there is no sensationalism. The base

passions in man like cruelty, falsehood, vindictiveness and avarice play no part in the romance. We do not find people plotting against an enemy. We find no element of physical pain inflicted on others. People swoon and people take to renunciation which often takes the form of mortification of the body. But there is no self-immolation and torture. We are not rushed about. The movement is rather slow.

The balance between description and movements is characteristic of Sanskrit literature. There is some movement in the descriptions and there is also some ornamentation in the movements. We do not feel that we are going through a castle or a museum, directed by a guide and in the company of other tourists. We are more like a party of sight-seers in a landscape left free to have our own programme. We can see what we want and we can move when we want to do so. The poet does not say where we should halt and when we should move on. He does not compel us to look at this and does not keep us arrested to that point. He does not say, either, that we should move on and should not halt at any particular point. He does not dictate to us what should interest us and what we may ignore. It is all left to ourselves. There is the whole landscape. We are not spurred on by any one. We are not tied down by any one. Nothing is inflicted on us. The reactions start from within ourselves. The artist is nowhere near us. We are left with the art and we can enjoy the art according to our leisure and our inclinations. The art is not an irritant which compels some stir within us. It is not a purgative which takes action within. It is more like a piece of sugar-candy which we can keep in our mouth and slowly allow to dissolve in the mouth and which we enjoy subjectively.

The poet did not write the romance as a part of a programme of mass production for consumption by millions. He must have taken years to produce the romance in the final form.

He must have revised and retouched the original. It is like a painting. The poet looks at it and revises this part or that part and retouches this point or that point. He becomes satisfied with the final version. The art is not also meant for those who want some sensation, something to occupy their thoughts during a hurried journey, only to throw off the work at the end of the journey. Art is art because it is beautiful and if art is beautiful, it attracts the heart whenever one reads the book. There is nothing like saying, "I have read it and I have no further interest in it." Such an attitude shows that what he had read was no art at all. It was only some irritant. A detective novel falls within this category. It gives no joy at a second reading. But a romance which is an art gives interest to the reader when he reads it again and again. His interest only increases when he takes up the romance a second time for reading.

We never say that since we had seen some particular scenery of beauty, we need not visit that place again. If it is a beautiful place, then it must be beautiful at all times and what is beautiful must give pleasure at all times. Thus a work like the Kadambari interests a reader whenever he reads it. It makes no difference whether he had read it once before. If there is any difference, it is only to this extent that if one reads it a second time it becomes more interesting than when it was read for the first time. The more one reads it, the more interesting it becomes.

There is a difference between food cooked by an expert cook and food with various kinds of spices added to it so that it irritates the tongue. In the case of the common people it is this irritation of the tongue which gives them the enjoyment of the food. But only very few people can enjoy a good food with proper flavouring, with a variety in tastes. There is the same difference between popular songs and a good per-

formance of a real artist. The common man is not impressed by such an art; he wants only some irritation in his ears and he calls it his enjoyment. The same difference exists between a work of art like the Kadambari and a sensational detective novel.

Bana is known as the author of only two romances. He has also written a few poems. But is it possible that in his whole life time he wrote nothing more? The probability is that he had produced more. Many of them were never meant as art and they did not pass through the sieve when what could not appeal to the critics and to the readers with taste for art was held back and thrown away. The work was written nearly a millennium and a half ago and all through, it was accepted as a masterpiece in the art. That is the real test for an art and not whether it appeals to a modern reader. If it does not appeal to a modern reader, the fault is not in the art; the fault may be in the deterioration in taste.

In the beginning of the Kadambari, Bana says something about good poetry. Then he gives some information about his immediate ancestors. After that he says that he wrote this poem. He did not complete the work. It is in the middle of the account which Patralekha was giving to Chandrapida, that his own work comes to a close. Patralekha was referring to death and there is a defect which reacts on the poet when he makes some such casual remarks. There are other such instances of how a casual reference in a poem reacted on the poet. The book is divided into two parts as the work of Bana and as the continuation of it by his son. The division has no reference to the development of the plot.

The son says that he had no pretensions to poetic talent. He had instructions from his father and he had also the main lines along which the story was to be narrated. He was simply

obeying the commands of his father in completing the work. We are not quite sure whether the work would have taken the same form if Bana himself had written the whole work. We may be sure that the general lines of the development of the story might have been what it is now as completed by the son. I cannot discuss the point whether the latter part which was contributed by the son comes up to the same standard of excellence as art as what is found in the former part. This will require a discussion of the language also. In dealing with the presentation of the text in another language and in an abridged form, such a discussion is not possible. Similarly I cannot also enter into a discussion on the language of the whole work. Such a discussion is possible only when we deal with the original. All that I can say about the language is that it is ornate, majestic and melodious. Bana changes the style according to the situations. There are protracted sentences and long compounds with double meanings, with various kinds of allusions to epic lore and other subjects when he deals with descriptions. But in narrations and in the presentation of emotions, he takes the elegant, simple style, very straightforward, with brief sentences and with short words. There is life in the language throughout; never is it stale or insipid. Bana is such a great scholar with a command of vocabulary and ideas that there is no touch of artificiality in the language in spite of such long sentences with long compounds and with double meanings. Everything appears to flow freely; everything is natural. It is sometimes like a mighty water-fall. At other times it is like a gentle brook flowing through an uneven valley, making a gentle sweet sound. Sometimes we see the mighty wind blowing and sometimes it is a gentle breeze. There is art in the way in which the material is handled and there is also a great art in the form in which the material is presented. It is a happy combination of beautiful material in a beautiful form.

In conclusion, it may not be out of place to consider the general condition of the country and the people as could be made out from the Kadambari. The value of the romance is not merely that it is a great work of art which gives pleasure to the readers. We understand much about the condition of ancient India from such works. It is only in this way that we can realise what India had once been, in order to compare India of the present day with the ancient. We can attempt a build up of the future after such a comparison.

We meet with the term Bharata Varsha, which designates the modern India. Its extent had been much vaster than what it is now, especially in the west. We note that the horse Indrayudha was presented to king Tarapida by the king of Persia. Unless Persia had been within India at that time, such a statement has no meaning. India never aspired for mastery over a foreign territory and it always maintained its political integrity. Kalidasa also speaks of Raghu, in the fourth canto of his Raghuvamsa, that he asserted his suzerain authority over Persia and also over the Hunas. It is true that historians of Persia had been always claiming an Indian Province included within the Persian Empire. But Indian historians, the poets of ancient India, always asserted that there was a Persian Province within India.

In the Kadambari it is found that the whole of India was a unitary nation. But India had never been a political unit in the sense that there was a Head of the State who had sovereign power over the whole of India. India had been only what may be termed a confederacy of very autonomous States. What is called an Emperor or Sarvabhauma or Chakravartin, symbolised only the cultural unity of the country and he had no sovereign status in the whole of India. India was held together by certain common ideals and by a common culture.

In the works of Kalidasa, especially in the fourth canto of the Raghuvaṁsa and in the drama called the Malavikagnimitra, we note that there had been some disruptive forces working within the borders of India and that a great ruler consolidated the whole of India into a unitary nation. There had been rebellions against this unity and the ruler was able to crush this tendency and assert the national unity. But there is no such hint in the Kadambari. Whenever there was a danger to the territorial integrity of the country, the right sort of leader came to the front and established the unity of the country. Such leaders were always available in the country. But they had no function to perform, since there was neither a foreign invasion nor an internal rebellion. Only during times of such a disturbance to the security of the country could the leaders show themselves off. Such is the case with Chandragupta Maurya when the Greeks were on the border and with Pushyamitra when the successors of the original Greek invader made their way into India and tried to establish a footing on the Indian soil. The Guptas came when the Shakas were creating trouble within India. The later Guptas had to handle the Huns and this work was finished by Yashodharman of Malwa. Bana wrote his Kadambari at such a time. The Arabs and the Muslims had not made their appearance on the western frontier at that time. King Harsha of Kanouj. whose friend Bana was, had also consolidated the nation. It is such a happy state of affairs that we find in the romance. The unity of the nation is manifest throughout the romance.

There had been many religious faiths current in the country. In India, unlike other countries, religion united man and was never a ground for mutual warfare. There were many religious teachers and many faiths and many beliefs and practices. All of them followed their own faiths without any trouble from others. There was nothing called a State Religion

and there was no confusion between acceptance of a religion and civic rights. A citizen was a citizen and the ruler represented the unity of the State. The ruler had a religion of his own as a citizen and as a ruler he had no religion at all. Historians say that Ashoka of the Mauryan dynasty was a Buddhist. Attempts have also been made to show that king Harsha of Kanouj, the friend of Bana, was also a Buddhist or had at least Buddhistic leanings. The fact is that in those days the State was a secular State because the State had sympathy with all religions and had tolerance towards those who had no religion at all. No one will say that Bana was not an orthodox follower of the Vedic path. In the Kadambari it would be noted that there is mention of the temples dedicated to Shiva and Subramanya and to the Goddess and along with it it is also said that Mahashveta was singing adorations of various gods among whom we note Jina and Avalokiteswara. Religious tolerance and religious harmony had been the main features in the national life of the country from the earliest times. This we find in the Kadambari also.

Arts and sciences had been developing. Intellectual activities grew up without any danger from the politicians or from the religious fanatics. There was plenty, and people lived in a state of security and happiness. What is called caste distinction was only a division of civic functions and there is not a hint of a privileged class or a class with disabilities based on birth. Every one who followed an avocation was integrated with every one else following other professions and vocations. Brahmins were only the wise section of the population. They were honoured and we find this honour reflected in Buddhistic literature also; we find the same thing in the inscriptions of Ashoka, where Brahmins and Samanas (Shramanas) are mentioned together as worthy of special honour.

We find no such distinction as the north and the south of India nor any such distinction as the Aryans and the Dravidians and the other racial elements in the nation. There is mention of an aged person in a temple whom Chandrapida met when he was returning to Ujjayini; it is also said that the prince was provoked to a kind of veiled laughter at the sight of this person. But that does not mean any kind of contempt for the southern people on the part of the northern people. It is only an individual case.

We do not find any "Depressed Classes". There are the Chandalas, the hunters. But we note that king Shudraka admitted a group of Chandalas into his presence when they appeared in his court with the parrot. Inter-State feud, dangers of foreign aggressions, backwardness in intellectual and economic conditions, linguistic and communal rivalries, religious conflicts and all such factors that ruin a nation are all features that crept into the life of the people at a much later time. The condition of India at the time when Bana wrote his romance is what should inspire the people towards national integration. We find in the romance an ideal which we can safely strive for re-establishment in the country.

I need say nothing about the level of education in the country at that time nor about the position of women. Education spread wide among the people and it trickled down into the lower strata of the social organisation. Women suffered no kind of disabilities. I do not know of any other civilization in the world where there was such an extensive spread of education among the people and where women enjoyed so much freedom in the civic life as in the India depicted in the romance of Bana.

There is no aspect of national life in which we cannot find some ideal to be followed when we read the romance of Bana. This is another great value of the work of Bana.

PART 1

I. THE KING AND THE PARROT

There was once a great emperor named Shudraka who ruled over the whole country extending up to the ocean on all the sides. All the kings acknowledged his suzerainty and paid homage to him. He had all the necessary qualities to make him an ideal emperor and he could be compared to any god in point of his valour and attainments. He observed all the religious rituals prescribed for a person of that eminent position. He had been trained in all the sciences and he was proficient in all the arts. All the great scholars and artists gathered round him in his court. The lustre of imperial power took permanent abode on his glittering sword. During his rule, all the people dedicated themselves to their duties and there was never a feud among them.

His capital was established at the famous city known as Vidisha on the banks of the river Vetravati. Since he had brought all the countries within his imperial sway, he could hold the reins of the government of the empire with ease, and this burden gave him no more fatigue than a bangle worn on his arms. He had a council of ministers who were all wise and trained in all the arts and sciences, who were faithful to him and who were ever awake to the exigencies of the changing situations.

From his early ages he had been keeping the company of the princes from the various countries within the empire who were all well equipped with learning and who could understand and appreciate the various aspects of the literature. He was young and handsome and yet he took little pleasure

in the company of the queens, and he even showed some dislike for such aspects in his personal life, though the ministers had been trying to encourage him in enjoying the private life; there were many queens in the palace, all young and charming, all full of love for the king. But he took delight in arts and he would take up the musical instruments and play on them by himself. Often he would go to the forest for hunting. He would keep the company of poets and would compose poetry himself. He would invite the scholars and discuss philosophy and various scientific subjects with them. He would ask the bards to recite the epics and he would spend his time in listening to such recitals. He would sometimes paint pictures. He would receive the Sages who visited him. He took delight in everything except in the company of the queens. He wanted only his friends and companions around him. He began to spend his time in this way. Even at night he preferred to spend his time in the company of his friends, in the various activities relating to his intellectual and emotional attainments.

One day he was in his audience hall in the morning; the sun had risen and was shining brilliantly. At that time the young lady attending on him and guarding the entrance to the hall approached him. She was wearing a sword by her side, which ladies do not usually do. She had also a stick in her hand. She said, "Sir, there stands at the door a hunter-woman carrying a cage which has a parrot in it. She comes from the southern countries. She says that the king is the right person to own whatever is of extraordinary value and that the parrot in her hand is such a treasure, being an object of great wonder. She wants to submit it to Your Majesty. She wants an audience with Your Majesty."

The king was filled with amazement and curiosity, and looking at the faces of the princes sitting round him, said that

there could be no harm in admitting her to his presence and ordered the door-keeper to bring her in.

The hunter woman entered the hall and took a full view of the king sitting on the throne. The king had been wearing glittering robes and costly ornaments. He had rested his feet on a stool placed before him. Both the throne and the stool were made of gold and were decked with gems which were emitting a dazzling lustre all around. There were the fans made of the tail of the Chamari deer waved in front of him and in that gentle wind, his silk robes were shaking slightly. There were many princes and other persons in the hall, and yet he shone far above all the others. He held a sword in his hand. He was sitting on the throne and yet he appeared to be pervading the whole region.

The hunter woman looked at this magnificent figure of the king and thought for a while after she entered the hall. Then she hit on the floor of the hall with the stick which she carried in her hand making a jingling sound with the bangles that she wore on her wrist. She did this to attract the attention of the king. At this, all the princes who had been sitting there turned their eyes to this new visitor. The door-keeper asked the king to have a look at the woman and the king gazed at her when she was approaching him. There was a middle-aged man walking in advance of her and there was a boy carrying the cage with the parrot inside, in his hand. She wore a mark on her fore-head made of red paste. Her feet too were painted with red paste. Her girdle was glittering and she wore a necklace made of pearls.

The king looked at her for sometime with great curiosity and began to think within himself, "The Creator has placed the beauty of form in the wrong place. Why did he create her in a community in which the persons born cannot be the

object of real enjoyment in a civilized society? I cannot admire Him for this creation on this account." When the king was in this state of musing over her form and the charms of her person and the inconsistency of her beauty with the particular community in which she was born, the hunter woman bowed her head standing in front of the king,and then sat down on the floor of marble. Then the man who was walking in front of her took up the cage with the parrot in it and said: "Sir, This is a parrot whose name is Vaishampayana and since it is found to be more precious than any costly gems, it has been brought to you, Sir, because you as an emperor are the right person to own it, as the ocean is the right repository for the gems. This lady is the daughter of the chieftain of our tribe and she has come here with that parrot. This parrot knows the full meaning of all the sciences. It is proficient in the science of politics, even in its practical aspects. It can recite the epics consisting of ancient chronicles and ancient lore. It can sing beautifully. It has studied the entire literature in its various aspects like poetry and drama and stories. It can also compose poetry and other forms of literary arts. Its proficiency to play on musical instruments is unsurpassed. It can dance better than any expert. It can paint like the best artist. It knows the science about elephants, horses and other animals. For these reasons, Sir, you must accept this parrot as your own."

So saying, he took the parrot out of the cage and placed it in front of the king. When the cage was removed, the parrot raised its right leg and stood up facing the king, and with a voice clear and sweet, it recited a verse about the king himself, after saying, "Victory to you, O King." The verse was:

"The women in the harem of your enemies keep their breasts bereft of necklaces, and keep also their breasts

bathed in tears, as they are very close to the fire and grief in their hearts."

The king was amazed at hearing this poem recited by the parrot; he turned to his chief minister who was sitting close to him on another seat made of gold, surrounded by the other ministers, and said, "You have heard the clarity of pronunciation and the sweetness of the voice of this bird. It is a great surprise that the parrot is able to recite the verse without any confusion in the matter of the punctuation and stops in the sentence, that the long and short vowels and the nasals and other features are very clearly brought out which reveals a good training and that the syllables are very distinctly pronounced. It behaved like a human being though it is only a bird, which must be due to its proper training. At first it raised its right leg and then it is that it began to recite the verse about me, after a greeting of victory. Usually lower animals know only eating, fear from dangers and other facts in life. There is something wonderful in the case of his bird."

The chief minister replied, "Sir, what is there to be so amazed at in this? Generally, parrots recite what they have been taught to recite without any mistake. It may be that in the case of some parrots, there may also be the residual impression carried from a former birth. Or it may be that there has been much of human exertion bestowed in giving it the necessary training." At this stage there was heard the sound of drums beaten to announce that the sun had reached the middle point in the heavens. That was the time for the king to have his daily bath. So he asked the princes and others who had assembled there to disperse, and then got up from his seat. All the princes and others too got up from their seats and there was heard the sound of the ornaments on the body of the princes when they got up from their seats in such a hurry in order to show their respect to the king. There

was some commotion in the hall on account of the movements of the many people who had assembled there.

Then when the princes and others had departed, the king himself asked the hunter-woman to take rest and he ordered the lady in attendance to take the parrot inside the palace. He himself went into the palace along with a very few of the princes who were his closest associates. He first went into the gymnasium and finished his usual exercises, and with a body slightly fatigued through the vigorous exercises in the company of his closest associates, he went to the bath that had been properly decorated with golden jars filled with fragrant water. He finished his bath and wearing white robes of shining silk, went into the temple for his daily worship. He then ate his food in the company of the friends. He came again to the audience hall and spent some time there in talking with the people who had followed him to that place. He ordered his lady attendant to bring the parrot Vaishampayana to the hall and she brought the bird as ordered by the king. There was the liveried keeper of the house-hold, an elderly man, following the parrot. He informed the king that meanwhile the queens had given a bath to Vaishampayana and also fed it.

The king asked the parrot whether it enjoyed the food in the palace. The parrot replied, "Sir, what is there which I did not enjoy?" Then it enumerated all the sweet things that were given to it to eat and to drink and that were enjoyed by it. It also told the king that it was a great privilege for it that the queens had fed it with their own hands. Then when the parrot was describing in great detail everything that had taken place within the palace the king interrupted it and said, "Let all this remain. I have some great curiosity and I want to have that removed. I want you to tell me everything about yourself starting from your very birth. Where were you born and how were you born? Who gave you this name? Who is

your mother? Who is your father? How did you study the scriptures? How did you learn the various arts and sciences? Is it a case of remembering things that had been experienced by you in your previous birth or is it a case of any boon to you? Or is it that you are some one come here in disguise, taking up the form of a bird? Where were you living previously? How old are you? How were you caught in this cage? How did you fall into the hands of a hunter? How did you happen to come here?" When Vaishampayana noticed this curiosity in the king, it remained in thought for a moment and said with great consideration, "Sir, this is a very long story, and if you have any curiosity in knowing it, I will tell you; you may listen". He started the narration.

II. THE BIRTH AND INFANCY OF THE PARROT

There is a vast region of forests along the Vindhya mountains. This forest region touches the eastern and the western oceans. It is an ornament to the central regions of the whole country. The forest is full of tall trees with thick foliage and fragrant flowers. Various kinds of animals like the elephants are living there in peace. The birds are singing from the tree tops and from the air. In that forest there is a hermitage of the great Sage Agastya. Near about that hermitage is a charming lake named Pampa. On the western side of this beautiful lake there is a silk-cotton tree. On that tree there live a large number of birds which had made their nests on it. Among them there are also many parrots. One of the parrots is an aged one which had its companion; both of them lived in one of the holes in that tree. I was born as the sole son of the couple. On account of the labour pain during my birth, my mother died. So my father had to look after me all alone, and since he was very old, he was not strong enough to fly to far off places and bring food for me; so he had to gather the grains and other articles of food and bring them to me. He ate what was left after I had my feed. In this way days passed.

One day a great noise was heard, which arose from some hunters engaged in their work. I was greatly terrified and I managed to creep within the feathers of my father. There was a big crowd of people engaged in that hunting and they were creating a great commotion in the forest, shouting to one another about the beasts and the birds in the region, asking one another to be on the guard so that nothing escaped from their clutches. I directed my eyes towards the place from which the

noise came. There was a large army of hunters proceeding towards us. Among them there was a middle-aged man, strong in body, terrible to look at. He was the king of the hunters and his name was Matanga. I could know his name later from their talk.

I began to think. "What a life of delusion are these people leading, something condemned by virtuous people? To them virtue is in bringing the flesh of men as presents to their chieftain. They eat flesh and drink alcohol, what are prohibited for good people. Their only activity is hunting. They hear only the howlings of jackals as scripture. The owls are their teachers regarding what is good and what is bad. Their wisdom is confined to their knowledge about the birds they hunt. Dogs are their attendants. Their country is confined to the desolate wild regions. Drinking alcohol is their festivity. The bows with which they accomplish their cruel deeds are their sole companions. Their allies are the poisoned arrows. Their music is in howling to scare the animals. They live in the company of the terrible tigers. They propitiate the gods with the blood of cows. They offer flesh as oblations. They have plunder as their profession in life."

When I was in this state of musing about their wicked life, the chieftain of the hunters came near the tree on which I was living, and laying down his bow, he sat on a seat made of tender leaves brought by his attendants in order to have a little rest. A young hunter from among his followers went down the lake and brought some water and also some stalk of lotus flowers. The chieftain drank that water and began to bite the lotus stalks. After this, he went away followed by the entire army of hunters who too had their drink and food. But one among them remained under that tree for some time more. He began to look at the tree counting the number of nests built by the birds on it, as if he wanted to take away

their lives. All the birds were frightened on seeing this hunter. What is there which a cruel person cannot do? He began to take out the young ones of the birds from the holes within the tree. He killed them and threw them on the ground.

My father was full of anxiety about my safety and he kept me concealed within the hole in the tree. This wicked man had ascended the tree and he was passing from branch to branch looking for the nests of the birds, killing the young ones and throwing them down on the ground. He came to our nest and caught hold of my father; he killed the poor thing. But he did not notice me when I was concealed within the feathers of my father. He threw that old bird on the ground holding its head downwards. I was caught between its two legs and I too fell down along with my father. Through the help of providence, I fell on a heap of dry leaves that had been collected below the tree. My body was not scattered into pieces in that terrible fall. I managed to extricate myself from the clutches of my father and to reach the foot of another evergreen tree not far off. I was not noticed by him since the colour of the leaves was the same as my own colour. He collected as many of the birds as he could and tying them together with some creepers, he went away in the same direction in which the chieftain had departed.

I was very thirsty and my body pained on account of the fall. I was full of fear. I knew that the wicked fellow had gone away. I wanted to be sure that he would not return and catch hold of me. Looking this way and that, I tried to creep down to the lake to get some water. At that time some thoughts arose in my mind, "Even in the most precarious conditions, the activities of beings do not dissociate themselves from the thoughts of continuing the life. There is no being in the world for whom there is anything dearer than life. My dear father is dead and still I manage to continue breathing. I

feel like condemning myself for this heartless nature in me. I fear that I am ungrateful and that I am forgetting all that my father had done for me from the time when my mother died through labour pain at my birth. I had yet to move a long distance to reach the water. Will it be that even in this condition, the cruel fate will take away my life much against my will?"

I was thinking in this strain. Near that lake there is a Sage named Jabali living in his hermitage. He has a son named Harita. At that time the young hermit boy was coming towards the lake. There were other young hermits in his company. Noticing me, Harita said to one of the young hermits, "Here is a little one of a parrot, and it has not yet grown its wings. It must have fallen down from the tree. Or perhaps a kite had tried to snatch it away and it might have fallen down from its mouth. It is breathing with difficulty. It is not able to lift its head. Before it expires, take hold of it and carry it to the water side." He took me to the side of the water and filling his mug with water gave me some water to drink. When he found that I had revived on account of the water that I had drunk, he placed me in a lotus leaf and gave me a bath. After he finished his ablutions and his worship, he took me in his hand and proceeded towards the hermitage. In that hermitage I could also see the great Sage Jabali. Seeing him I began to think of the holy place. When I was full of admiration for the sacred place, Harita placed me in the shade of an Ashoka tree. All the people asked whence he got such a parrot and he narrated the whole story.

The Sage sat in meditation for some time and said that I was suffering the consequences of my own indiscretions. He could see everything that happens in the world like a berry held in his hand. He knows what had happened in the previous births of every being in the world. He can prophesy all

that will happen in future also. Hearing what the Sage had said, the people were curious to know what indiscretion I had committed. They requested the Sage to tell them all that had happened, who I was and why I was in that condition. The Sage said that the story was a very long one and that little of the day time remained. It was time for them to do their evening bath and also perform their worships and other duties. He promised to tell them everything when they would have finished their daily routines as prescribed, when there would be leisure to give a detailed narration of the whole story. It was evening and it was getting dark. After their daily routines, they all assembled again and the Sage asked them all to listen, if they were curious to know the whole story, and he started the narration.

III. CHILDHOOD OF CHANDRAPIDA

There is the great city named Ujjayini. It is an ornament to the entire world. There is a deep and wide moat all round it which looks like an ocean and there are also high and thick walls which look like mountain ranges. The city contains many rows of bazars where all kinds of rich commodities are displayed for sale. The houses are high with many storeys and are all resplendent with various kinds of ornamentations. There are many gardens and orchards in the different parts of the city. Flags are flying in all places in the city. It is one of the richest and biggest cities in the world. In that city there was once a great king named Tarapida. He was very handsome and people thought that he was the Lord of Love himself living on the earth. That king had a minister by name Shukanasa. He was wise, learned in all sciences and systems of thought. That king enjoyed his life as the king even when he was a young man, maintaining prosperity and peace among his people. He spent his time in all kinds of sports and other forms of pleasures in life, surrounding himself with arts and with all kinds of beautiful objects. His minister Shukanasa helped the king in the government of the country. All the people were happy and contented in the kingdom, with no fear from enemies and with no fear from famine and other kinds of national calamities.

Time passed on in this way when the king was ruling the country wisely with the assistance of his minister. There was practically nothing in life that could make him unhappy. But there was just one reason why he was feeling a little sad in his heart. As his own youth began to wane, then this grief began also to increase. He had all the feudatory kings at his

command and yet he felt himself helpless; he had his eyes fully open and yet he felt that he was blind; he was the sole support for the entire world and yet he found that there is nothing to support him in his calamity. He had a queen named Vilasavati. One day when he went into the living apartments of the palace he saw his queen in tears, surrounded by all her attendants. The liveried guards of the apartments had all gathered round her. The elderly women employed in the apartments were trying to console her. She had placed her face on the palm of her left hand and her hair was all dishevelled. When the king entered the apartment, she got up from her seat and resumed it when the king took his seat. Then the king asked her, "Why is it that you are weeping like this? You are allowing drops of tears to flow from your eyes like a string of pearls. You are not wearing any ornaments. You have not decorated your feet with red paints. There are no anklets on your legs. There is no girdle on your waist. You have no necklaces on your chest. You have not worn any garlands of flowers on your tuft of hair. Please let me know what reason there is for you to be so immersed in grief. Have I done anything wrong? Has any of your attendants behaved in a bad way? However much I may think, I see no reason for your grief on my part. My whole life is dependent on you. Please tell me what the cause is for your grief."

But the queen remained silent and would not utter a word. So the king turned to her attendants and asked them what the reason might be. Then one of the attendants who moved very closely with the queen, said to the king, "How can there be any mistake on the part of the Lord? When Your Majesty is here, how can any of her attendants think of doing anything that would displease her? The grief of Her Majesty is only because her union with Your Majesty has not yet produced any happy results and she feels that there is some evil

star influencing her life. It is a long time that she had been feeling sad like this. She had been found unhappy, doing her daily duties only with great difficulty and that with the persuation and assistance of her attendants. Fearing that it might cause injury to Your Majesty's heart, she had been hiding the real state of her mind. Today it is the fourth day of the lunar month, and she went to the temple of Mahakala for worshipping the God there; she listened to some one reciting the Mahabharata to a crowd there and she heard among other things that for one without a son, there is no future and that it is only a son who can deliver one from hell. After hearing this she would not eat anything, though her attendants had been trying to persuade her to eat and to attend to her daily duties; she refuses to wear any ornaments and she gives no reply when they talk to her. She simply sits here, and letting the tears flow in a torrent, she simply weeps."

When she had concluded her statement, the king sat there immersed in deep thought for some time and said, "Dear Lady, what can be done when Providence is in full control of our affairs. There is no meaning in weeping like this. The fact is that we are not blessed by the gods. Our hearts do not have the opportunity to enjoy the sight of a son. It must be that in the previous birth, we have not done any good deeds. It is the deeds of a previous birth that produce the effects in this birth. Even the mightiest and the wisest of men cannot undo what Providence decides to do. Whatever is humanly possible can be done by us. Let us show great respect and devotion to our elders. Let us intensify our worship of the gods. Let us pay homage to the great Sages. The Sages are really gods to us and they grant us boons in the form of the fulfilment of our wishes. There are many stories about kings having propitiated the Sages and about the Sages having blessed such kings with boons fulfilling their wishes. I am hoping

for the day in the near future when I will be able to see your face with smiles on it when you will be expecting a baby. All the attendants in the household will also then be very happy. There will be many other joys in the household and in the country when there would be a son born to you. I am myself spending my days and nights in such thoughts, and my heart is also full of grief."

The King then brought some water and wiped off the tears from her eyes. For some time he remained in the apartment talking about various sweet events that would take place in their life, and then he left the place. The queen was consoled and she began to put on her ornaments and also to attend to her duties. From that time onwards, she began to show greater interest in worshipping the gods and in propitiating the holy personages. Whatever she heard about the means for securing a son, all that she did with great faith and devotion. She never felt fatigued from such vows. She avoided all luxuries in life and slept on a bed of grass at night. She gave immense rewards to the holy personages. She bathed in the various sacred places. She did everything that would remove the effect of any sin which she or the king might have committed in a previous birth.

One day at night, when the king was sleeping, he had a dream in which he noticed the moon entering the body of the queen through her mouth. He woke up all of a sudden and then called his minister and told him what he saw in his dream. The minister was immensely happy to hear about this and said, "Sir, all our hopes and the hopes of the people in the whole country have now been fulfilled. Without much delay you will enjoy the sight of a son. I too had a similar dream and I saw a holy personage putting a lotus flower on the lap of my wife, Manorama. Such dreams foretell happy events that are to take place. Dreams that occur towards the close of

the night are usually found to be true. The queen is sure to give birth to a son, worthy of you." Then the king took the minister by hand and led him into the apartment of the queen and they gave her immense joy by telling her about the dreams and the implications of such dreams.

In course of time it was found that the queen Vilasavati had been showing signs of pregnancy. The attendants noticed all the marks of pregnancy in the queen and they went to the king and reported the matter to him. The king wanted to personally pass on the information to the minister Shukanasa also, and Shukanasa was all joy at noticing the happy face of the king. He said, "I believe that the dream has proved to be true. Your bright eyes reveal some great joy in your heart. My mind is very eager to know about the great festivity that is to come about and so I request you, Sir, to tell what it is." The king replied, "If what the queen's attendant has told me is true, then what has been seen in the dream is also true. But I can pay no credence to it. How can we have such a wealth of fortune like this? She has never said a falsehood till now at any time and yet I have to suspect her to be dishonest in her present statement. Yet we will go to the queen personally and know from her what it is." Then he went to the private apartments of the palace. There he saw the queen sitting with a pair of silk robes on her body, fully decorating herself with all the ornaments. The attendants were serving her. The queen immediately got up from her seat making a jingling sound with her wealth of ornaments. The king sat by her side and said, "There is no need for you to exert yourself in this way. You should not get up from your seat." The minister, Shukanasa, too sat on another seat near by. Then he said, "The minister Shukanasa wants to ask you whether what your attendant has said is true." The queen sat silent and when he put the question again and again, she simply said that she

knows nothing and that she prefers to be left free without being made uncomfortable through bashfulness on account of such a question. She sat looking at the king with some internal commotion. Then the king again said, "If what I say produces such a bashfulness in you I can keep silent. But there are certain marks on your body quite noticeable and what have you to say about such marks?" At this stage, Shukanasa with a gentle smile concealed within himself, said "Why do you make the queen uncomfortable with such a question? Even the talk about such matters makes her very bashful. So you need not continue any question about what the queen's attendant has told you." The minister remained in the apartment for some time and left the place to go to his own residence. The king stayed on in the apartments the whole night.

In due course the queen Vilasavati gave birth to a son. That was an occasion for great jubilation in the whole city. People were going about carrying the news to others. The birth of the son took place at a very auspicious moment indicated by the position of the planets. People showed their great joy at this happy event by dances and feasting. As the days passed the festivity and the exhibition of joy by the people only increased. On an auspicious day prescribed by those who know the science of astrology, the king entered the apartment where the son was born, which was well decorated and which was properly guarded by sentries in full arms. He saw the son who was the cause of immense joy for him and he enjoyed seeing the face of the son, looking at it without a wink for a very long time. The minister pointed out to the king the various marks on the body of the son which foretold the great position which the son was destined to occupy as the emperor of the whole country. At that moment some one entered the apartment and announced that a son had been born to Shuka-

nasa also. The king exclaimed, "What a wonder that there is this series of happy events in the palace! It is true that, as people say, misfortunes come following other misfortunes and that in the same way happiness also comes in succession." He gave rich presents to the person who announced the information as a mark of his great joy. Then he started to go to the house of Shukanasa, followed by all the princes who were in the palace and by a retinue of people who were singing and dancing in great jubilation. The celebrations continued for a few days, with redoubled enthusiasm on account of the joy of the birth of a son for the king and for the minister at the same time. The day for the naming ceremony was near, and since the king had seen the moon himself entering the body of the queen in his dream, he decided to give the prince the name of Chandrapida (Moon Crest Jewel). The minister gave the name Vaishampayana to his son, with the approval of the king. In due course the various sacraments prescribed for boys in the childhood were all performed for the prince.

The time came for the prince to start his education. The king commanded that a new building should be erected for the education of the prince. He took great pains to bring together in that one place experts in the various arts and sciences for the proper instruction of the prince in all the disciplines. The education started on a suitable day according to astrological calculations. The son of the minister, Vaishampayana, too was there to receive education in the company of the prince. Daily when the king got up in the morning, his first duty was to pay a visit to the place where the prince was living for his education. He never liked to create any inconvenience and so he went there with as few attendants accompanying him as possible. The queen also accompanied him on such daily visits to the prince. The prince applied himself very diligently to the study of the various subjects in which he

was receiving instructions from the experts. There was no art or science in which he did not receive proper instructions; and he was also trained in archery and other subjects that are required for a prince. The prince was growing up as a very handsome youth, with a commanding personality, with strong limbs, with a well proportioned body. Except in the matter of the strong body required by a prince and also the training in the use of weapons, Vaishampayana received the same instructions with the prince and he too was equally diligent in his studies. The prince and the minister's son became great friends, having been companions in life from the early days when they used to play together. Neither could remain alone without the other even for a moment; such close associates they had become.

When he grew up into a youth, his personal charms also became doubled. There was a change in his looks and in the manner of his talk. When the education was completed, one day the king sent the commander of the army to escort the prince back from the school to the palace; all the parts of an imperial army like chariots, elephants, cavalry and infantry had joined the commander in this escort. The teachers had approved the termination of the period of education for the prince and they were greatly satisfied with the progress he had made during the period of training. The commander of the army went to the school and his arrival was announced to the prince by the guards at the gates. He entered the hall where the prince gave him the audience and when he saw the prince he made obeisance to him and said, "O prince, the king commands : Our ambitions have been fulfilled; you have received instructions in all the arts and sciences. You have also been trained in the use of the various weapons of warfare. All the teachers have approved that you may now return from the school. I want you now to come out of the school so that the

people may have a sight of you like the sight of the full moon. The ladies in the palace are waiting to meet you. You have been in the school for ten years and you are now sixteen years of age. Now you can come out of the school and present yourself to all the ladies in the palace who are all mothers to you. From now onwards you can be free from the various disciplines and restrictions in your life that had been imposed on you during the period of your education. You can now start enjoying life with all the resources in the country. You can mix with the princes who assemble in the palace. You must take part in the government of the country and in giving protection to the people." After making this announcement regarding the commands of the king, the commander continued, "Here is a horse for you, by name Indrayudha. It is waiting at the gate. This horse was born from the ocean and is not born of a father and a mother. It is such a wonderful animal that only an emperor is worthy of riding on it. The king of Persia sent the horse to the emperor as a treasure which only kings shall be in possession of. There are many princes also come to escort you and they are all waiting at the gate along with this wonderful horse." Hearing this command of the king, the prince ordered that the horse and the retinue may be brought in, so that he could go out to the palace. The horse, Indrayudha, was brought in and the prince stood staring in deep wonder at the extraordinary stature and appearance of the horse. He began to feel that it must be one among the many gems which the gods and the demons were able to lift up from the ocean when they were churning the ocean to get at nectar and when many wonderful objects had arisen out of the ocean. The horse might be the horse of the Lord of the Heaven, Indra, which bore the name of Ucchaishravas. He even began to entertain some sense of temerity at getting on to the back of that horse. It might perhaps be some supernatural being that had lost its natural form and had to assume some

such new form as a horse. He was quite sure that it must be some divine being and could not be an ordinary horse. He then decided to get on to the back of the horse, since it had been sent to him by his father; he rose up from his seat. He saluted the horse silently in his mind, without uttering any word. The horse seemed to have understood the prince's state of mind and made a gentle neighing sound as a sign of approval that he might get on to its back. The prince also understood the mind of the horse in making that sound and got on to the back of the horse with full confidence. He moved out of the school and he had a view of the vast army that had been collected there to escort him from that place to the palace. When he came out there was a general movement and a general sound in that big army. All the princes who had assembled there to receive him and to escort him from the school to the palace bowed their heads one by one, each announcing his name. The prince responded to their obeisance with proper signs of respect to them according to their status. Followed by Vaishampayana who also got on another horse the prince started on the royal procession, moving towards the city.

When the people in the city knew that the prince was coming out in procession from the school and proceeding to the city, they all gathered on either side of the path, leaving their jobs for the time being, to have a view of the prince in procession. They began to shout in great admiration. "This is really Skanda, the son of the Great God Shiva and not a human being. It is our great luck that he was born in our city. Let us all look at him and have a full view of him when he would be passing us. Let us even worship him as the real God Vishnu, having assumed the form of our prince, Chandrapida." They all saluted him when they saw him. All the doors and windows in the houses along the path remained

open since people within the houses wanted to have a sight of him and it appeared as if the whole city had been keeping all its eyes open in the form of doors and windows.

When the ladies in the houses heard that the prince was coming out of the school after finishing his education, they began to rush out of the homes, though many of them had been engaged in their routine within the house. Some had been engaged in their toilet and they came out holding the mirror in their left hand, and their faces reflected in the mirrors appeared to be many moons shining at the same time. Some had been painting their feet and they walked away letting the wet paint to be imprinted on the floor. In the case of others, their girdle dropped down without being noticed and their legs were caught within the girdle. When they were moving so briskly, their anklets made a jingling sound like the sound of swans. Some of them had taken the necklace in their hands and had not worn it on their necks. In the case of others, they had put the necklaces on their necks, but the necklaces dropped down from their breasts. Some had started drinking wine but the wine dropped down on account of their haste and was spilt on the floor. All of them remained looking out with their charming faces exhibited at the open windows. The entire row of houses on either side of the path appeared to be full of ladies; so many of them had crowded at all the windows and at all available spaces.

The form of Chandrapida appeared to have entered into the hearts of the ladies who had thus assembled on the path as if it was reflected in a mirror or in a pool of water or on a marble floor. All the ladies began to talk to one another about their feelings at the sight of this prince, sometimes in a joke, sometimes with full confidence about their own charms, sometimes with some mental confusion, sometimes with some jealousy, sometimes in great joy and sometimes with feelings of

love and hope. They envied the earth which would secure such a master and they envied queen Vilasavati who bore such a son. Chandrapida could hear all their talk; they seemed to be drinking the sweetness of his form with their eager eyes and on account of their noise they appeared as if they were calling him. Parched rice and flowers were being thrown on the path by the young ladies from the houses as a mark of honour to the royal guest.

The prince reached the vicinity of the palace and got down from the horse. He took hold of the hands of his companion, Vaishampayana and he was led by the commander of the army. He crossed the various squares within the palace, passing through the high towers, and reached the palace which was in a state of commotion on account of the arrangements made for the reception of the prince, with various decorations, with elephants, horses and other paraphernalia of royal splendour and with various other equipments in a royal court. All the attendants showed their respect to him in the most ceremonious way and he approached the place where the king, his father, was waiting to receive him.

The king embraced him and also Vaishampayana, who was just like a son to him. The young ladies who were attending on the king by waving fans made of the tail of the Chamari dear, forgot their duties and began to look at the prince with their eyes wide open, full of eagerness and curiosity. Then the king asked the prince to go and see the queen who was eagerly looking forward to this happy occasion of the prince's return after his education. He directed also that the prince should meet all the elderly ladies and others in the palace who were like mothers. The guards who attended on the prince cleared the way for him and showed him the way to the inner apartments where the queen and the other royal ladies lived. Vaishampayana too accompanied him to the place.

The prince paid homage to his mother and according to the custom she embraced him with open arms. She expressed her regrets that he had to put up with all kinds of disciplines during the course of his training in the school. She wondered how he put up with such a hard life for such a long period of time. She admired his fortitude, the steadiness of his heart. She also expressed her approval of the great devotion he had shown to his teachers. Then he saw all the ladies in the inner apartments of the palace, who were all like mothers to him.

Then he went out of the palace, and mounting on the horse, Indrayudha, that had been waiting outside for his arrival, rode on to the residence of the minister, Shukanasa, accompanied by Vaishampayana. When he reached the outer square of the residence, he got down from his horse and went into the house where Shukanasa was residing. As Shukanasa was like another father to him, he bowed his head as a mark of honour even from a distance and approached him with due modesty. The minister embraced the prince and also his own son, Vaishampayana. A golden throne decked with costly gems had been ready there for the prince to sit on; but he preferred to take his seat on the floor. Vaishampayana too sat on the floor, following the prince. There were many princes who had assembled there to receive him and they too got down from the thrones on which they had been sitting and took their seats on the floor. When they had all taken their seats, Shukanasa remained silent for a short while, and yet his joy at the sight of the prince and of his own son were patent on his face.

He said to Chandrapida, "My dear prince Chandrapida, today when you have finished your education, your father Tarapida should feel gratified at being the ruler of the whole earth. Now the blessings bestowed by the elders have gathered together. All the good deeds done in former years have borne

fruit. One like you cannot be born as a son except to those who have done meritorious deeds in previous births. What a tender age and what supernormal intellectual powers, and what abilities to learn all the subjects! The people should be congratulated that a person like you should become their protector. I pray that you get married and rule the country for many many years, along with your father." He presented the prince with ornaments, silk robes and other precious articles before he departed. The prince then entered the inner apartments of the house and met the mother of Vaishampayana, his companion. Then he mounted his horse, Indrayudha, and went to the palace that had been erected for him by his father, receiving all kinds of honours from the people who had crowded at the gate. He had arranged a place for the horse, Indrayudha, also. In the evening when the sun had set, he once more went to the palace of his father, walking on foot, and met his father and his mother.

When he got up from his bed in the morning he took a fancy to go to the forest and enjoy a hunting expedition. Even before the sun had risen he mounted Indrayudha and went to the forest where his hunting party had already gone in advance. This was his first adventure as a prince, after the long period of disciplined life in the school. He had his bow and arrows and he was able to kill a large number of animals like wild boar, bears, lions and deer, and he shot them in hundreds. Many he was able to catch alive. He engaged himself in hunting till the sun was at the zenith. Then he allowed his following to return in front of him and in the company of the few princes who remained with him he himself returned to his home, talking about the hunting expedition with those princes, how they were able to shoot a lion, kill a wild buffalo and so on. Reaching his home, he got down from the horse and removed his bow and his quiver of arrows and also

his hunting costume. Then he took rest for a short while. After taking rest, he went to the bathing shed where the floor was paved with shining marble and he took his seat on a golden stool for the bath. Finishing his bath, he put on snow white silk robes and went to the dining hall at the close of his worship of the gods in the temples. He allowed all the attendants to retire, who had been serving him with various articles for dressing and decorating his body, after receiving everything that he required. He gave everything for Vaishampayana also for his dress and for adorning his body. After finishing his sumptuous meal, he went to Indrayudha and he gave barley and other articles of food to the horse with his own hands and returned to the palace. He paid a visit to his parents in the evening and spent the night as on the previous day.

Next morning, at the time of the day break, he noticed the liveried attendant of the king coming to him, followed by a young lady. That attendant had spent his whole life from his boyhood in the service of the palace. The young lady too had been serving the palace from her very early days. That attendant had been the object of the full confidence of the king and he was highly trusted and honoured by all the ladies in the palace. That lady too was quite young, and though she had been wielding some power since she had to discharge very responsible duties in the palace, she was still very modest. She had dressed herself in shining silk robes and she had all the decorations and ornaments usually adopted by the ladies of the time. That attendant approached him and said, "O prince, the queen Vilasavati commands: This girl is the daughter of the ruler of Kuluta and her name is Patralekha. She came into the palace when the king had conquered that country some years ago. I took pity on her because she had lost her father. She had been living with me and I re-

garded her as nothing but a daughter all this time. She grew up under my care. She will serve you from this time as a worthy attendant. I am sending her over to you for that purpose. You must take care of her as a young girl. You must look upon her as a disciple. You must see that no inconvenience is met with in her life. I regard her as my own daughter since I had been looking after her for such a long time. You can trust her like a companion. She belongs to a noble royal family and she deserves such treatment." When the attendant had finished, she bowed according to the custom among ladies born of noble families. The prince on his part looked at her attentively for some time. Then he sent word to his mother that he would do everything as the queen had ordered and the attendant went away.

From that time onwards, Patralekha attended on him at all times with great devotion; she was happy to serve him, and some special interest took hold of her even from the time of first meeting him. Day and night, whether he was sleeping or awake, whether he was sitting or standing or whether he was moving about, she remained by his side anywhere and everywhere in the palace. Chandrapida too on his part was very happy about her. Day by day, his joy at her company increased and she too was pleased with his behaviour and his treatment. He regarded her as his own heart in another body.

IV. CORONATION

After some time the king decided to formally install the prince in the position of the Heir-apparent in the kingdom. He ordered that all arrangements should be made for the ceremony. The minister, Shukanasa, was very happy about this decision of the king. One day he met the prince and, though he had received a very good education, he thought that on such an occasion, he should be given some further advice; so he called the prince to his side and began to give him a long advice.

"I know that you have learned everything that is worthy of being learned and you are the master of all the arts and the sciences. Yet it is necessary that I should at this stage give you some advice. By nature there is some darkness that is attached to youth, which cannot be dispelled by the sun, which cannot be exterminated by the lustre of the gems, which cannot be removed by lighting a lamp. When a person comes in possession of wealth and royal prosperity, some kind of intoxication is likely to take hold of his mind. The heat of haughtiness cannot be subsided by any kind of cooling processes. The mental confusion created by eagerness for worldly enjoyments cannot be taken away even by the application of holy chants and charms with supernatural powers. The dirt that may accumulate on account of conceit cannot be washed away with water. Some sleepiness takes possession of the mind which cannot be terminated at the end of the night. That is why I am starting on this very long discourse.

"You were born as the future lord of the empire. Then you have attained this new youth. You have a very handsome personality. You have powers which ordinary persons cannot possess. This can turn out to be a series of what will lead one to unfortunate ends. Each one of this can bring about all kinds of evils in life. And when they are all united in youth, what misfortune cannot befall you? When youth approaches, one's intellect is likely to get smeared with dirt which cannot be washed away with the water of the knowledge of the arts and the sciences. One is likely to refuse to listen to the words of the parents and the elder people. This is the right time when you should receive some further advice from me. Advice from a teacher and from the elderly people is for people in general, like a bath without water which will wash away all the dirt that might gather in their minds, is an ornament to the ear which is not made of gold, is a vigil which will not create fatigue. Especially is this the case with kings. Few are the people who will advise them properly. People simply follow them out of fear. Even if there is any one to advise, they do not listen to such advice. Even if any one listens to them, they simply ignore them later.

"Take the case of wealth. It is difficult to obtain it and it arises along with all sorts of conditions that give pain to the one who earns it, and when it is earned, it is difficult to keep. It is locked up as if tied down with strong ropes and in that condition it decays. It escapes and goes away from the owner even when it is guarded with swords. It cares for no good qualities. It ridicules those who worship. It is like a magic with two opposite natures joined together. It is supposed to occupy an elevated position and yet it is lowly in its nature. It is supposed to have a form and it is yet difficult to locate with one's eyes. It is supposed to be the beloved of the best among men and yet it is the favourite of the worst of human beings.

"I have not yet seen any one whom it has not deceived. With all such defects, kings are caught hold of by this evil spirit and they become disabled. They do everything in that condition which is against all rules of modesty. It washes away all considerations for others, it stains the heart, it takes away all patience and forbearance, it makes every one forget that old age would be coming, it wafts away all talks of truth and drives away all good qualities in man. Those who come within the grip of wealth do not honour those who are deserving honour and they treat with contempt those who are learned, and when elderly people give any advice, they ignore it as ravings of old age; they are angry with those who know what is good and who tender such good counsel. If any one flatters them, they show great consideration to such people, keep them by their side, award rich presents to them, listen to them and treat them as all-wise and unerring.

"I know that you are an exceedingly good person and that your father has taken care of you with great effort. I know also that it is only those who have a fickle mind and who do not have any intellectual refinement that are subjected to the intoxication of wealth. You must understand that it is only the great joy at noticing all your good qualities which makes me give you advice. I cannot desist from saying once more that wealth makes a wicked fellow of even those who are learned, even those who have good training, even those who are high-born, even those who are courageous. I wish you all success, full victory against all your enemies."

When Shukanasa gave this long advice, Chandrapida considered himself as having been washed clean by the fresh waters of such counsel, as having had his eyes opened up, as having been decorated and as having been illuminated. He sat there with the minister for a short while and then he returned to his own palace. Gradually the king had collected waters

from all the holy places, from all the rivers and from all the oceans and all the objects that were required for the coronation. An auspicious day and moment was selected. All the kings were invited for the grand occasion. There were brought together various herbs, various gems and various kinds of earth that were needed for the purpose. And the king personally performed the ceremony of crowning him as the Heir-apparent. After this formal ceremony, Queen Vilasavati came there along with all the ladies in the palace and then she smeared white sandal paste on his body and gave him a pair of snow-white silk robes to wear and placed some very fresh flowers on his head as a decoration. The preceptors placed a wristlet on his arms as an emblem of the Heir-apparent. The prince also wore a pearl necklace on his chest. With all such ornamentations, the prince slowly ascended the throne.

V. AN EXPEDITION

At the close of this ceremony of the formal installation of Chandrapida on the throne as the Heir-apparent he had to start on an expedition of victory to all the countries within the empire, to signify the suzerain authority of the king in the whole empire. Drums were beaten outside to announce the start of the prince on this march of victory, and the sound of the drums filled the whole air in that locality. Hearing this beating of the drums, all the people who had gathered within and outside the hall began to shout "Victory, Victory". Chandrapida then rose up from the throne and left that hall followed by the large number of kings who had been invited for the occasion and who had taken their seats in their allotted places. These kings had plenty of gems, especially pearls and rubies, and in their hurry to get up and follow the prince, their bangles and necklaces were broken and the coloured gems were scattered on the floor looking like flowers and parched rice thrown on the path of the prince as a mark of royal welcome. Going out of the hall, Chandrapida mounted a female elephant, with his attendant Patralekha who had already occupied one of the seats assigned for her on the elephant. The elephant had been decorated in a fitting manner for the grand occasion and had been brought there by the keepers. A white umbrella was held over him. He went out of that place and had a general view of the entire place. All the kings who had been waiting at the gate to see him pass by and all the people who had crowded there saluted him. The commander of the army had followed him immediately after. His horse Indrayudha was going in advance of him.

First he was to march eastwards. The entire army also moved after him. His companion, Vaishampayana, too had mounted another female elephant and he too wore snow-white silk robes and had a white umbrella held over him as if he too was another crown-prince. When Chandrapida started moving, Vaishampayana went near him and took his position on the side of Chandrapida. There was a great commotion in the whole place when the army also began to move, following the path taken by Chandrapida. The whole place was covered with dust and the noise filled the entire region.

Vaishampayana was filled with astonishment when he looked all around and saw this unprecedented state in the palace. Turning to Chandrapida, he said, "O Crown-Prince, is there anything left unconquered by your father, King Tarapida, which you will now be able to conquer? Is there any region that has not come under his suzerain power which you can bring under your control? Is there any fortification which he has not completed which you will be able to take up and complete? Is there any island beyond the seas which has not been brought under his sway which you can bring under your sway? Is there any gem which he had not gathered which you can gather? Is there a single king who does not salute him? Is there any one who does not raise up his folded hands above his head as a mark of honour? Is there any one who does not utter 'Victory, Victory?' See all the kings from the whole earth bounded by the four oceans who have come here to take part in your coronation." He began to show him the entire crowd that had collected in that place, including the army and the general public. He expressed his wonder how it was that the entire earth did not crumble down under the weight of such a large crowd, especially the army.

Chandrapida marched at the head of the army. Vaishampayana was also with him. Chandrapida went over to the

residence that had been especially arranged for him in the camp. He got down from the elephant. He went in and performed the various rituals which he had to perform. Now, this was the first time when he had to live separate from the father, and this new situation gave him some discomfort in his heart. But all the kings and all the ministers had gone with him and he was able to enjoy their company and to indulge in various kinds of pastimes. He spent the day time in this way. At night he went to sleep in a hall where, beside his bed, there was another bed prepared for his companion, Vaishampayana. Both of them spent the night together talking about the king and the mother and the minister Shukanasa; and practically they spent the entire night without any sleep. Early in the morning he woke up and left his bed and got ready for the march as on the previous day, followed by the entire army. He moved round the entire earth. He bent down the heads of those who would not bow, he consoled those who had subordinated themselves to him, gave protection to those who were in fear; he accepted all the gems that were presented to him; he took all the tributes that were offered to him; he planted the symbol of his imperial sway in all the places; he caused his edicts to be engraved on rocks; he earned the love of the people; he exhibited his valour and he spread his fame during his march. He went in one direction first and then he went to all the other directions in succession. He was in this expedition for three years and during this period he was able to bring all the countries within the suzerain authority of his father. He was able to govern the entire country as a single city with the four oceans as moats around it. In this way, he brought country after country under his own control. In due course he went all around the empire and reached the city of Suvarnapura, which is the residence of the beings

called the Kiratas living at Hemakuta not far off from the Kailasa mountain. He was able to conquer that also and bring it within his own domain. He camped in that place so that he could allow some rest for the army that had undergone fatigue on account of the journey all around the whole earth.

VI. A HUNT

Once when he was camping in that place, he mounted the horse, Indrayudha, and went out all alone for hunting. He moved about in the forests and suddenly he saw a pair of demi-gods called the Kinnaras coming down from the top of the mountain. He had never before seen such beings and he took a fancy to catch them. He wanted to go near them and spurred up the horse so that he could reach them. The Kinnara pair too was afraid of this new danger which they had never experienced before and they took to flight. Chandrapida tried to speed up Indrayudha, and chasing that pair of Kinnaras, he wandered far from the place where his army had been stationed and he found himself all alone. He had been chasing them for a long distance. He was at every moment hopeful of catching them. He even thought sometimes that they were within his grip. In this way his mind was completely attracted by this chase. Since the horse was gallopping at full speed, he was dragged away for about fifteen Yojanas from that place, all alone, with no companion, far off from all his friends and his army. He was looking at the Kinnara pair and chasing them and yet they managed to escape from his clutches and ascend the top of the mountain.

When the Kinnara pair had gone to the top of the mountain, he was compelled to withdraw his attention from them. Since he had to ascend a steep mountain side, his speed also became considerably reduced. So he stopped the horse. He found that he and his horse had become weary on account of this tiring chase. He fell into a thoughtful mood for a moment. He smiled within himself and began to think: "How is it

that like a child I tired myself with this vain attempt? What would have been the difference if I had caught hold of them or if I had failed to get at them? Of what use can they be for me? If I took hold of them, what would I have gained? If I could not take hold of them, what would I have lost? Look at the way in which I made a fool of myself! I took an interest in doing something without ascertaining what it is for. What an eagerness have I shown in an attempt that would have led me to no purpose? What an interest have I shown in doing things which only children do? I thought that I was doing something which would bring me some benefit and it has proved to be of no purpose. I thought that I have done what I should have done but it is found to be fruitless. I thought that I would be doing something on behalf of my companions and it has not turned out to be so. I thought that I was doing what is the duty of a ruler. It has borne no fruit. I thought that I was doing something that would be appreciated by my father and it has produced no such result. I thought that by doing this I would be proclaimed a victorious hero and it has failed in its purpose. Why is it that like a man caught by some evil spirit, I left off all my companions and my army and came to this region so far away? Why is it that without any special purpose I followed this Kinnara pair? When I think of all such things, I feel that I have really made myself a target of ridicule for every one. I do not know how far away my army and my companions are at present. Indrayudha is a fast running horse and in a moment he must have traversed a very long distance. When I was coming here, I had kept my eyes only on the Kinnara pair and the horse was running very fast and the place is covered with thick forests full of trees and shrubs and creepers. The whole surface of the forest is covered with the dry leaves that had fallen from the trees. I could not take note of the path at all in this forest region. I do not know

through which path it will be possible for me to return to my camp. Even if I roam about and take all the efforts that are possible, it may not be possible for me to find out any human being who would be able to show me the way to return to Suvarnapura where my army and my companions are camping. I have heard it described in various places that to the north of Suvarnapura there is the farthest boundary of the various countries occupied by human beings. Beyond that there are only forest regions where no human beings live. Even beyond that is the Kailasa mountain. This must be that Kailasa. So I have to retrace my step and, all alone, I have to find my way back following the southerly direction without turning this way or that way. When a man does something, he has to reap the fruits of his own actions himself."

He turned the horse back and then he began to think again: "Now the sun has reached its zenith in the sky. The horse is also very much fatigued. So it is better that I collect some green grass and give it for eating. I can also find out some stream in the forest or some lake and then I can give a bath to the horse and let it have some water to drink. It will thus be freed from the fatigue. I too can drink some water. It is preferable that I take some rest and then start on this journey back to my camp."

Thinking in this strain he began to look for some place where there would be a little water. He wandered about for some time and then he noticed a path in front of him. That was made wet by the water that had flowed from the feet of herds of wild elephants and the dust there had become slushy thereby. There were lotus flowers and also lotus stalks that had been dragged out by the tusks of the elephants. He could also notice various other kinds of flowers and various kinds of roots dug out from the forest grounds. He thought that there must be some river or lake in that neighbourhood. So he

followed that track and came to a place where there was a long row of tall trees. That was towards the north-easterly direction from the Kailasa mountain. So he entered that jungle as if invited by the gentle breeze and by the sounds of birds that were sitting on the top of the trees. When he went into that row of trees, he found in front a lake which had the name of Acchoda. As soon as he saw this lake, he was completely relieved of all fatigue and he began to think within himself: "It may be that I chased that Kinnara pair which resulted in no useful purpose; but when I see this beautiful lake, I feel that I have been favoured with full fruits for my labour. If the eyes are created for seeing what is worth seeing, that aim has been attained today. This is the last among what are charming to the mind, and there is nothing beyond which I care to look at. By seeing this, the last thing has been secured to be seen for finding satisfaction to the eyes. The water in this lake seems to be a counterpart of the nectar. Rather it is nectar itself that will give joy to all the senses in the body of a man. It must be on account of this lake that the Great God Shiva has taken up his abode on the Kailasa mountain." He began to admire the beauty of that wonderful lake which he saw in front of himself.

He went to the southern side of the lake and got down from the horse. He gave rest to Indrayudha. He collected some green grass from that place. He let the horse go into the lake to have a full swim and also to drink some water to its full satisfaction. Then he tied the horse to one of the lower branches of a tree nearby, removed the saddle and other equipments of the horse, tied its leg and again collected some grass and gave it to the horse for eating. Then he himself went into the lake. He drank some water from the lake and ate some lotus stalk, and playing in the water for some time, he got up from that lake. He lay out a bed on a rock nearby with leaves and grass that were available. He rolled up his

upper garment and placed it on his head. Then he sat there for some time. When he was resting there he began to hear a song that was first noticed by the horse, Indrayudha, which began to lift up its ears on hearing this sweet melody. That song came from the northern side of the lake. There was also a Vina to accompany that song and that song seemed to be far above what any human being could perform. Chandrapida began to wonder how there could be a song in that place where there could be no human being, and in a state of great astonishment, he got up from that seat which he had made with the lotus leaves and other articles. He looked at the direction from which the sweet notes proceeded. Since that shore from which the song came was very far away, he could see nothing though he tried to look very closely in all directions and with great attention. But that sweet song was being heard incessantly. On account of the great curiosity to know what the source of that song could be, he decided to proceed towards that direction. He put the saddle and other equipments on Indrayudha and mounted the horse. He went along the western side of the lake, noticing the herds of deer that were listening to the song in great rapture and following the row of the various trees that surrounded the lake. He kept a watch on the direction from which the song was being heard. On the western side of the lake he came to a temple dedicated to Shiva, which was found to be deserted. It was surrounded by trees on all the sides. There were various birds living on those trees and they were all chirping and making a noise in the whole place. He entered that temple and within that he saw the idol of the Great God Shiva with four heads, installed on a pedestal of marble. In front of that idol there sat a young maiden, who seemed to have adopted the life of a member of the order of Pashupatas, a kind of hermits.

Chandrapida got down from the horse, tied it to the branch of a tree, worshipped the Great God with great devotion and then he remained looking at that young lady. He was struck by the charms of her form, by the great glow in her body and by the serenity of her looks, and he began to think within himself: "Things happen in the life of men which were never contemplated beforehand. I followed a pair of demi-gods without any special purpose in view, and then I came to this divine locality, extremely beautiful and impossible to be reached by human beings. Searching for water in this place I saw a beautiful lake, in which the water is generally drunk only by demi-gods. Then I heard a song which appealed to me as superhuman. I followed the sound of the sweet music and then I came to this place where there is this celestial damsel whom it is impossible for men to see. I have no doubt at all about her being divine in origin. From her very appearance I can know that she is not a human being. How can we get such sweet music among men? If this lady does not suddenly disappear from my presence, if she does not ascend to the top of the Kailasa mountain, if she does not fly up to the heavens, then I desire to approach her and ask her who she is, what her name is, why it is that even in such an early stage in her life she had adopted this vow of monastic life, prescribed for the order of the Pashupatas."

With such thoughts in his mind, he too took a seat in that place close to another pillar. Slowly the song came to an end and the Vina became silent. That lady got up from her seat and went round the idol of the Great God, Shiva, and prostrated before it and turned back. She looked at Chandrapida and welcomed Chandrapida as a guest and asked him how he was able to reach that place; she also suggested that he may get up and follow her so that he could entertain him as an honoured guest.

Even those sweet words were a great honour to him. He accepted the invitation and followed her like a very obedient disciple. When he was thus walking behind her, he began to wonder how it was that she did not disappear when she saw him. He was filled with a great curiosity to ask her some questions. He felt that she must be an extremely considerate person and that if he asked her, she would give him all information about herself. They had to walk only a hundred feet when they reached a cave which was surrounded by evergreen trees growing at its entrance which made the inside of the cave very dark even in the day-time; there were birds chirping and filling the whole place with their noise. There he noticed various kinds of articles like a mug to be used for divine worship and there was also a bowl which mendicants carry in their hands. There was also a jar in which ashes had been collected. When they reached the entrance, that lady brought a little water from the lake in a cup made of leaf, after she had deposited her Vina on a stone slab. Chandrapida told her that there was no need for any such formalities in arranging a reception for him and that he was quite happy at the welcome that he had received from her. He had taken his seat on a stone slab and he asked her also to take her seat. But she insisted on some formal reception and he accepted everything that she had shown, bowing his head with great modesty. After the formal reception, she too took her seat on another stone slab. She remained silent for a moment and then she asked him how it was that he was able to come to that place. Chandrapida narrated all the events from the time of his hunting expedition, how he chased a pair of Kinnaras and how he came to the lake eventually. When she knew all the details of his adventure, she took her bowl and wandered among the trees. Very soon that bowl was filled with fruits that had fallen of their own accord into it. She returned to the entrance of the cave with those fruits and asked him to eat them.

Seeing this he began to think within himself: "There is nothing which a person performing penance cannot accomplish. What a wonder that these trees, which are by nature insentient, behaved to her like sentient beings, offering her the fruits that she wanted. I have not seen such a great wonder in my whole life." Then he got up and brought his horse, Indrayudha, to that place and removed the straps and the saddle and other equipments from it. He tied it to a tree not far off. He went to a brook nearby and finished his bath. Returning to the cave, he ate those fruits that were sweeter than nectar obtained from the heaven. He also drank a little cold water. Then he remained silent for some time till that lady also had her food, eating the fruits which she had collected from the trees around.

When he found that she had also finished her food, he approached that lady and took his seat not far off from her, who too was sitting on a stone slab. After a moment, Chandrapida said, 'Honoured lady, you must understand that I am a human being and men have some weaknesses. I have great hesitation to put some questions to you and yet my curiosity compels me to ask you something. Since you are pleased with me, that creates some boldness also in me. Even this short acquaintance creates some familiarity also in me. If it will not be a great strain for you, I request you to be pleased to say something in reply to what I ask. I have been developing some great curiosity on this matter ever since I met you. What family of demi-gods has been made holy by your birth? Or is it the family of some celestial damsels? For what reason is it that even in this very tender age, you have adopted such hard vows? What a charming form have you and how can there be this cessation of all sense cravings? I am sure that you are in a position to live in some celestial abode and how is it that you have chosen to spend this solitary life in a thick

forest? Your body has a white complexion not seen in any other person. How is it that you have this unusual complexion?"

When he put these questions she began to weep in silence. She sat silent as if she was thinking of something within herself; she began to heave a heavy sigh. She also shed tears from her eyes. When he noticed that she was weeping so bitterly, Chandrapida again thought within himself, "No one can evade fate that cannot be made otherwise. Some heavy grief has taken hold of her. The activities of happiness and sorrow are inscrutable and too powerful. This sorrow in her makes my curiosity all the stronger. Her sorrow cannot be something that is very light." He moved away from that place and brought some water for her to wash her eyes with, so that she could get over her grief. She washed her eyes with that water. She wiped her face with the edge of her robe of tree-bark. She heaved a heavy sigh again and slowly she began to say, "O Prince, I do not know whether it is worthwhile for you to listen to a story of sorrow regarding me, starting from the beginning; I have ever been so very unfortunate in life. I must say that I am even a sinner. It is all a story of despondency. Even then, if you are so very curious to know it, I will narrate the whole thing and you may listen to it." Then she started her narration.

VII. STORY OF MAHASHVETA

Perhaps, you must have heard that in the celestial regions where the gods live, there are some divine damsels known as the Apsaras. They belong to fourteen separate families. They were originated in various ways like the Creator God, the Scriptures and the Fire. One of them is known as the family of Gandharvas, a kind of demi-gods. There are two branches in that family, originating from the two daughters of the Prajapati, Lord of the People, named Daksha. There was born a son named Chitraratha, who had fifteen more brothers. He was very powerful and even Indra, the Lord of the Heaven, regarded him as his close friend. He became the Lord of all the Gandharvas, a title which he won through the prowess of his arms, even in his very early days. Not far from this place, to the north of the Bharata Varsha, there is the region called the Kimpurusha Varsha and he lives in the mountain called the Hemakuta in that region. In that place hundreds and thousands of Gandharvas live, protected by him. It was he who made this forest region called the Chaitraratha, which is one of the most charming spots in the world. This lake, called the Acchoda Lake, was dug by him. He installed this idol of the Great God Shiva.

In the other branch of the family, there was born a Gandharva named Hamsa, the eldest among six brothers. He too came to the throne even when he was young. He too lives in that same mountain. In another family of Gandharvas, there was born a maiden by name Gauri and this Hamsa married her and they lived together in great happiness. I am their daughter. For a long time my father had no children and

when I was born, he had no son at all. For this reason, my birth was celebrated with great festivity by my father. On the tenth day, he gave me the name Mahashveta, because of the extremely white complexion which I had. I had a very very happy childhood, being the pet of all the Gandharvas. In course of time, youth began to develop in my body and to decorate it like tender leaves decorating the Spring Season.

At that time, I happened one day to come to this lake along with my mother to enjoy a bath here. We worshipped the Great God after our bath and then we were wandering about in the whole place enjoying the beauty of the scenery looking at this and that wonder in the place. I was accompanied also by my companion. In one place I met a young hermit who had also come to the place for his bath. He was one of the most handsome persons that I had seen in my whole life. Every limb on his body was perfection. The whole place seemed to have been illuminated by the glow proceeding from his body. When I met him he was engaged in collecting flowers for worshipping the Great God. He had a bunch of flowers which he had worn as an ornament on his ears. No such bunch of flowers had ever come to my notice. I was attracted by the fragrance of that bunch of flowers, which surpassed the fragrance of all other flowers. I began to gaze at that young hermit and I began to think within myself. "What a dexterity has the Creator exhibited in his art of creation by producing such a charming person! It must be that first he created the Lord of Love by collecting all the charming objects in the world and then with whatever remained unused for that purpose, he created another person in the form of this young hermit. He may be another moon. How else can there be such a lustre emanating from his body?" I remained admiring his beauty and wondering at his charming personality. When I began to look at him, Love began to

take hold of me. I stood looking at him, with so many thoughts arising in my mind. I could not even have a wink of my eye. I felt that with my eyes I had been drinking the nectar flowing from his body. I sometimes felt that I was making a request to him. I wanted to tell him that my whole life depends on him and even to make a present of my heart to him. But I had to put up with all the discomforts of such a state of mind brought about by the Lord of Love. I began to breathe very hard. My bashfulness even began to drop down. My body started to perspire. I knew that it was against all propriety that I should entertain such feelings of love to a youth who was engaged in penance. I regretted the fickleness of the hearts of women in being so easily moved. I could not wait to find out whether the object of my love deserved to be such an object. If he knew my state of mind, he was sure to laugh at me. Yet I could not change my mind; I wondered at this. I may have been the only person who would think of approaching a lover throwing away all bashfulness and I may be the only girl who has become so much subjected to the influence of Love. I began to wonder how even at the first sight of his form I became so devoid of all freedom of thought and action. I thought that before I would begin to lose my consciousness, before my feelings would be revealed, I should leave the place and go away. There is a possibility, so I thought, that he would notice the changes in my heart and that he would even curse me. It is well known that hermits get irritated very easily. I wanted to depart from that place. But when there was such a holy personage in that region, it is inappropriate that I should go away without showing him my respects and so I bowed to him.

When I bowed to him, I noticed that there was a change in him also. The commands of the Lord of Love cannot be transgressed by any one. It was the Spring Season, which

would provoke some intoxication in the minds of all. That particular place was so charming that it would inspire love in every one. He was also in his early youth. One's sense-organs are very fickle. Some attachment for worldly enjoyment is natural to man and cannot be suppressed completely. Everything in the world must take its natural course. That young hermit too became subject to the pangs of love. I could clearly note the changes in his body. He began to heave a heavy sigh. The beeds which he wore on his hand were shaking slightly. There were drops of perspiration on his cheeks. He began to look in all the directions in a vacant way. When I noticed this change in him also, my feelings began to grow doubly strong. Various new thoughts began to creep up into my mind, about love and its sudden effects on me.

In this state, I approached the companion of that hermit boy, another hermit boy, and with a bow of my head, I asked him, "Honoured Sir, what is the name of your companion and who is his father? From which tree could he secure that bunch of flowers which he is wearing on his ears as an ornament? I have never before known such a fragrance in a flower. So I am rather curious to know the source of that flower." He smiled gently and said, "Young lady, I do not know what purpose you have in putting this question. Yet if you have such a strong curiosity I will tell you all about it and you may listen." Then he began his narration about the hermit boy and the flower.

It is well known that in the celestial regions, there is a great Sage named Shvetaketu. He is one of the most handsome in the whole world. One day he wanted to collect some lotus flowers for his daily worship of the gods and so he went to the Ganges river. When he was getting into the river, the Goddess Lakshmi saw him. When she saw him, her mind

became subjected to feelings of strong love for him. He responded and this boy was born of their union. The Goddess gave the boy to the sage Shvetaketu saying that he is his son. All the ceremonies and sacraments prescribed for a boy at the time of birth and later were duly performed and, since he had some connection with the lotus, the boy was given the name of Pundarika, which means a lotus. In due course the boy received all the education and training. This is that boy.

This flower is grown on the divine tree called the Parijata. There is a story behind it. This is not what is usually worn on the ears by one observing the vow of penance. Today is the fourteenth day in the half month. So we wanted to pay our homage to the Great Lord, Shiva, in the Kailasa Mountain, and so we started along the side of the celestial garden called the Nandana. The presiding deity of that Nandana Garden came out holding this bunch of flowers collected from the Parijata tree, and with a bow, she said to my companion, "Honoured Sir, this body which you have is the most appropriate place for this bunch of flowers to decorate. I request you to be pleased to accept this as an ornament. This may be worn on your ears. Let the Parijata Tree gain the full fruits of having been produced, thereby." When she said so, my companion felt a little bashful at this flattery about his own form, and with no care for what she said, he walked on. She followed us and then I said, "What harm can there be? My dear companion, favour her by accepting the present offered by her." Then I took the bunch of flowers from her and, though he did not like it, I placed it on his ears as an ornament. This is brief is the whole story of who he is, what this bunch of flowers is and how he came in possession of it.

When he finished saying thus much, that young hermit smiled gently and said to me, "What a curiosity you have! Why do you take the trouble of asking such questions? If you like the fragrance of this flower, you may take it." Saying so he came near to me and taking off the bunch of flowers from his ears, he placed it on my ears, perhaps as an indication of the advent of a feeling of love for me in his heart. When his hands thus touched me, I felt that the hair on my whole body was standing erect. At that moment, the beads which he had in his hands dropped down and he did not notice it on account of some mental confusion in him, on account of his own strong feelings of discomfort through love. I also noticed that his bashfulness too was disappearing. I on my part took up that string of beads that had fallen down from his hand and I placed it round my own neck, and I felt that he was himself holding me by his hands.

When matters were developing in this manner, the attendant of my mother who usually holds the umbrella for her, came to me and said, "O Princess, your mother has finished her bath. Now it is time for us to go to our house. So you too must finish your bath and get ready." I too had to withdraw my eyes from his neck and, with great difficulty, I had to leave the place to perform my own bath. When I started from that place, the second hermit boy was found to be rather unhappy about this development of a new state of mind in his companion and addressed his companion.

"My dear companion, Pundarika, this does not befit you. This is the path along which only lowly persons walk. You must know that for the really good people, courage is the true wealth. Your whole nature is changing as if you are just a common fellow. Why do you not try to control yourself? How is it that for the first time in your life there is this agitation in your feelings, whereby you have changed in this way?

Where has that courage of yours gone now? Where is that victory over your sense-organs? Where is that control over your own mind? Where is that calmness and serenity of yours? Where is that celebacy which you have inherited through your family tradition? Where is that indifference to all objects of worldly enjoyment? Where has the advice gone which you have received from your teacher? Where is that learning which you have acquired? Where are those thoughts of detachment from the sense-enjoyments? Where is that devotion to penance? Your wisdom has turned to be of no avail in all ways. It is unfortunate that even people like you become subjected to love and attachments, and their minds become agitated. How is it that you did not notice it when the string of beads fell down from your hands? I appeal to you to try to get back your heart that has been stolen by this unworthy lady."

The other hermit seemed to have felt a little ashamed of himself and then he replied: "O my companion Kapinjala, how is it that you regard me as what I am really not? I assure you I will never pardon the impudence of this woman who took hold of my string of beads." Saying thus he turned towards me and with a face that became doubly charming on account of this pretended anger towards me, with his eye-brows bent which became an ornament on his face, with his lips quivering as if he was eager to give me a kiss, he said to me, "You fickle woman, you shall not go away from this place without handing over back to me that string of beads which you have taken possession of." When I heard this, I took the string of beads from my neck and saying, "Honoured Sir, kindly accept this", I placed it in his hands. He was all along fixing his eyes on my face and his heart appeared to be empty when he stretched out his hands to take hold of it. Thereafter I went down into the lake for my bath, though I

found that I had a full bath with the free flow of perspiration from my own body.

I came out of the lake and I went to my own home along with my mother and with the attendant. I could not move forward with ease and I felt like being a river that has to flow along a slight ascent. I retired to my own private apartment in the residential quarters. From that time I became like this. I turned out to be bereft of all consciousness on account of the separation from that youth. I could not know whether I was still remaining in that place or whether I had come away. Am I alone or are there people around me? Am I silent or am I engaged in talking with others? Am I sleeping or am I keeping awake? Am I weeping or am I not weeping? Is this happiness or is this suffering? Is it a despondency? Is it a disease? Is it sorrow? Is it a festivity? Is it day or is it night? Which are the places that are enjoyable and which are the places that are like a wilderness? I failed to make any such distinction between one thing and another thing. I was too young at that time to know the real nature of love. I did not know where I should go, what I should do, to whom I should listen, what I should look at, what I should say, to whom I should say the things. I did not know either what the remedy could be. I knew nothing. I went up the top storeys in the residences of the unmarried girls. I allowed all the companions to go away. I stopped all visitors even at the gate. I gave up all activities. I sat alone in the apartment, looking in that direction where that young man had met me, as if that place had been decorated, as if flowers had been strewn there, as if there had been a heap of gems collected there, as if the full moon was rising in that direction; I found that direction really enjoyable to look at. When a gentle breeze blew from that direction, when the fragrance of the wild flowers came from that direction, when I heard the

sounds of birds in the jungles from that direction, I wanted to make some inquiry about him. I even wanted to take to the hardships of penance on account of my regard for him who was engaged in such a penance. I wanted to remain silent to please him in so far as he is keeping such silence as a hermit. On account of my partiality for him, I felt that even the acceptance of the robes of a hermit would not look vulgar for a person of my birth and status. I was thinking of the beauty of his form in his youth, of the flower of the Parijata which had touched his ears, of the happiness in the celestial world because he lived there, and of various other things that had some relation with him. I kept on looking at that same direction in which I had met him, and I sat there without moving or without uttering a word.

I have an attendant named Taralika who prepares betel leaf for me. She had come with me for the bath. After some time, she came to my apartment and, noticing me in that state, she said, "O Princess, you know that when we went to the Acchoda Lake for our bath, you met two hermit boys there. One of them seems to have escaped from the notice of the other. That is the one who gave you this bunch of flowers as an ear-ornament. He secured access to me through the place where there are the creepers growing thick and bearing flowers. He came after me and asked me who that girl was, what her name could be, who her father was and where she was going. I have told him the whole truth about you, that you are the daughter of the Gandharva chieftain named Hamsa and of the Apsaras lady named Gauri, that your name is Mahashveta and that you are going to Hemakuta where there is your residence. When I told him thus much, he remained full of thoughts within himself for some time, without uttering a word, and he kept on looking at me without a wink in his eyes. Then he felt that I wanted to know what the matter was

and so he began to talk to me with a conciliatory tone requesting me to do him the favour of talking to him, after paying compliments to my youth and to my personal charm. So I closed my hands as a mark of respect shown to him and in a very modest way I said, "Honoured Sir, why do you say such things? Who am I? People like you are great souls worthy of being worshipped by all the people in the entire world. Unless I had done some beneficent act in my previous birth, people like you would not have even looked at me. What should I say about this blessing of a question which you have asked me? So you may freely and boldly command me about what I have to do. That would be only a great favour to me." When I spoke to him with so much of consideration, he looked at me as if I was his companion, as if I had done him a great help, as if I had given him his life. Then he plucked some tender leaves from an evergreen tree nearby and squeezed some juice from it by pressing it on the stone slab, tore off a small part from his robe and wrote something on it with his nails and said, "Kindly hand this over to that girl when she would be alone and in such a way that no one knows about it." Saying so, she took that script from the casket of betel leaves and showed it to me. I took that piece of cloth of tree bark and found the verse written on it in the Arya metre:

> My love has been carried very far away by you, enchanted by that pearl necklace, like a swan enchanted by the tender stalk of lotus, with hopes freely given to me.

When I saw this, my mind, which was being afflicted by love, became filled with a variety of changes due to unhappy thoughts. I thought that I had lost my way, that I was in the gloom of a very dark night, that my tongue had been cut off, that I was being deluded by the wand of a magician, that I was drunk with intoxicating alcohol. I asked my attendant,

Taralika, again and again how it was that she met him, whatever he had told her, how long he stayed with her and how far he had been following them. She was the only person that was allowed to enter my apartment; all the others had been kept out. I spent the whole day in that lonely apartment talking to her about what had taken place near the lake after I had left the place.

It was evening. The western sky had become red in colour. The rays of the sun were hiding behind the Kailasa mountains. Bees were collecting on the lotus flowers which were about to close. At that time the attendant of my mother, who holds the umbrella for her and who was with me at the lake, came into the apartment and said, "O Princess, one of those two hermit boys has come here and he is waiting at the entrance and he says that he has come here to request you to give him your string of beads." When the words 'the hermit boy' were uttered I felt that although I remained in the seat I had myself gone to the entrance. I began to feel anxious about the situation when I was told that the hermit boy had come. I called one of the liveried guards at the gate and asked him to go and bring him in. Without much delay I noticed him approaching. When he came near me I found that his face bore an expression of vacant thoughts; he was very much disturbed in his heart and was full of grief and seemed to be eager to get something. I got up and immediately I myself brought a seat for him. When he took his seat, I washed his feet though he did not want such formalities and I dried them with the edge of my upper garment. Then I took my seat on the ground near him. After a very short while, he looked at my attendant, Taralika, as if he wanted to ask something. I knew what he wanted even from his looks and said that he could ask any question with full confidence; both of us had only a

common soul. When I said so, Kapinjala turned towards me and began to address me.

"O Princess, what am I to say? I am too much ashamed to find words that would express what I want to tell you. Where are the hermits who live on roots and fruits in the jungles and where are the people in the world who indulge in physical enjoyments and who are always agitated with love and its influences? I feel that it is all the work of providence. Divine influences lead people to ridiculous positions. I have never known of such a delusion before this. Yet I cannot escape telling you the bare truth. I find no other means and I see no other remedy. I find no other resort either. If I do not tell you the real position, there is a possibility of very unfortunate things arising. I am so plain and frank with you because I have to protect my companion even at the risk of my life. I had to speak to my companion in a very harsh way even in your presence, because I felt very much irritated at the situation. Then I left him and stopped collecting the flowers. I went away to another place. After you had gone away I returned to that place to know what must have been happening. I searched the whole place hiding myself behind a tree. When I could not see him in that place I began to think within myself that perhaps he must have followed you since his mind was full of feelings of love or that after you left he was not bold enough to stand in my presence through shame, or that he was very angry with me and left off, or that he might have gone to some other place in search of me. I remained there for a short while thinking of various possibilities. There was never a time when we had missed each other even for a moment. I was full of grief at this separation and then I began to feel that perhaps he might have decided to commit something serious since he had lost all courage. I felt that it would not be proper if I left him all alone. So I

decided to make a full search of the whole place. I could not see him and I began to grow despondent. I went to the jungles looking closely everywhere. After some vigorous search, I found him sitting in a bower of creepers on one side of the lake. He looked like a painting since he was doing nothing and not even moving.

"I stood there looking at him without a wink for some time and then I began to think of the force of love, how in such a short time he had been changed to such a condition, how all his learning has become devoid of any purpose, how he, the object of admiration for me and for all his companions on account of his courage and pure conduct, has now turned out to be some one else, hating learning, disregarding penance and rooting out all nobility, and he has become a prey to love. I approached him and sat near him on the same stone slab. Then I asked him what it all could be. He opened his eyes and stared at me for some time; then he heaved a very heavy sigh. He then asked me why I was putting him such questions when I knew all about it myself. He had great difficulty even to utter these few words. I knew that there was no remedy for this great change that had come over him. But it was my duty to withdraw him from that unholy path to the best of my abilities and so I began to address him:

" 'O my companion, Pundarika, I know all about it. There is yet one point and only one, on which I have to ask you a question. You have started on a path. Is it what your teachers have taught you? Have you learned this in any of the texts on moral life which you have studied? Do you regard this as the means for amassing the fruits of good deeds in your life? Or is this yet another mode of performing penance? Is this some mysterious vow of yours unknown to any one of us? Is this a new path for salvation which you have found

out? This is something which it is not appropriate that you should think of even in your mind, and I need say nothing about its fitness to talk about or look at. How is it that you are not able to recognise yourself as being carried away by love like one who has no enlightenment in his mind?'

"When I had said thus much, he stopped me and, with tears in his eyes which he wiped off with his hand, he took hold of me by my hand and said, 'O my companion, what use is there if I talk many things? It is better that you remain calm and collected. You have not fallen a prey for the arrows of the Lord of Love which fall on one like venomous serpents. Some advice is appropriate only in the case of one whose sense-organs are in normal condition, whose mind is steady, who can see and who can hear, who can understand what he has heard, who can distinguish between what is proper and what is improper. So far as I am concerned all such factors have departed and gone far off. I know that no one other than you has a right to teach me about the proper course when I am treading the wrong path. There is no other person than you whose words I should listen to and act upon. There is no other friend for me like you. When I am absolutely incapable of withdrawing my heart, what can I do at all? But the time for advice is long past. Now you have to find out some remedy for this pitiable condition of mine, when life is still remaining in me.' He said thus much and again became silent.

"I again and again tried to remind him of his duties. When I found that no talk about texts on moral life and about epic texts would reach his ears I was convinced that his heart had gone astray too far to be withdrawn and that no kind of advice would serve any useful purpose. So I had only one choice and that was to find the way to protect his life. So I left the place and collected some lotus leaves and also some

flowers. I went over there again and made a bed for him. I squeezed some sandal leaves and smeared it on his fore-head. I resorted to various other means for easing his condition, like fanning him with the leaves of banana trees. I began to wonder what I should do in the matter. So I decided to go to you. I have now told you everything. Now it is for you to say what should be done in this case."

After narrating this long story, he sat looking at me awaiting to know what I would have to say. When I heard this story, I felt that I had a plunge into a lake filled with nectar, I felt that I had realised all my ambitions and hopes in life. I felt a little bashful at that moment and so I sat with my face dropped down. I felt consoled that, through Providence, love had created the same changes in him as in me. I did not know what I should reply. His words could not be anything but the full truth. When I was thinking in this way, the door-keeper suddenly entered and told me that my mother had come there hearing that I was not feeling well. When Kapinjala heard this he did not want to stand in the way of great people and so he got up saying that he had taken a very long time and that he would leave the place. He did not wait for a reply and it was only with some great difficulty that he was able to find his way outside through the door where all the attendants had assembled escorting my mother. Some had gold maces in their hands, others had been swinging with their hands the fans made of the Chamari deer tail which is the symbol of royalty. My mother also came to me and stayed on there for a long time. Then she left me and went to her own home. When she left the place, it was already evening and the sun had set.

Then I asked my attendant, Taralika, whether she had noticed how worried I was feeling in my heart, how dull my

senses had become. I told her that I had become unable to do anything myself. I asked her to advise me what I should do. She had heard what Kapinjala had narrated. If like an ordinary girl I should go to him and accept his hands, leaving off all shame, discarding my courage, casting off modesty, refusing to care for the scandals from the people, transgressing all rules of noble conduct, violating all decency in behaviour, without any care for the honour of my family, adopting all the ill-fame that I may earn, without securing the permission of my father, without the approval of my mother, then that would be a very bad way of proceeding, doing things over the heads of my parents. The only other choice was that I should have to court death. That would be doing violence to the love carried to me by Kapinjala. If in this way, that youth also should die, that would amount to my having killed a hermit. When I was talking like this, the moon made its appearance in the eastern sky. The moonlight spread and the darkness began to disperse. The western sky grew illuminated. The moonlight falling on the sky increased the charm of the night. When I saw the moon rising in that way, the pangs of love in me began to increase. My heart became immersed in a gloom, though outside, it was all getting bright. I began to think of the whole situation and I even fainted. My attendant, Taralika, brought sandal paste and cool water and other articles to relieve me from my condition. I recovered my senses and then I noticed that she was weeping bitterly, when I looked at her. She closed her hands as a mark of respect and then she said, "O Princess, why do you think of shame and about what your parents and others would think? You may be pleased to allow me to go on an errand. I will bring this object of your love. Or I may even suggest that you get up and go there yourself. You will not be able to

put up with the pangs of love in your heart when the moon is rising."

When she said so, I replied, "I feel that you are out of your senses and that you forget many a thing. How can I think of love? All the choices are taken away from me. All the modes of attaining my desires are removed. My shame has been rooted out. But the sin in going there myself is yet quite manifest. In this way has Death approached me. It will not wait. Perhaps I am being led near to death. It is all the work of this moon. I too feel that you should get up and accompany me. I will see that, when I live, I will save the life of my loving friend." With these words, I managed to get up with great difficulty, holding on to my attendant as a support. When I started, I noticed some happenings that forebode evil. All that I could do was to say that this was another calamity which Providence was bringing on me.

The moon had risen a little up in the eastern sky. I was accompanied by my attendant, Taralika, who had been carrying various articles for toilet and I was also wearing that bunch of flowers which my loving friend had given me. I wore a red garment to cover my head. I came down from that mansion, unnoticed even by any of my own attendants though they were everywhere in that place. I managed to get out of the place through a garden gate, and then I started to get at him. Taralika was the only companion I had. I began to wonder whether it would be proper that I should be accompanied by others when I was going to a lover in secret. I had some other escorts like the Lord of Love who had his bow in his hand with the arrows fixed on it; there was the moon who had been dragging me with his rays which stretched so far down to the earth. I began to slip and I had to depend on my love as a support against falling down. The heart had left shame behind and was itself running in advance. With such thoughts in my

mind I began to ask my companion whether the moon would be causing the same affliction in his heart which he was bringing to me. She smiled and said to me that the moon could not have any sort of concern with any other person, since he was confining his attention solely on me. She said that she was noticing the moon appearing on my face as a reflection in the perspiration on my cheeks, that everywhere in my body she could notice the moon reflected or his rays falling. As a matter of fact, from the behaviour of the moon, she was feeling that the moon himself was subjected to many severe pangs consequent on love. He fell on the marble pavements and he was also tumbling down into the lake, as a reflection.

My companion wanted to ease my mind by such light talk in a joking manner and soon we reached the place where that hermit boy was reported to be sitting. When we approached the place, we could hear a wailing sound. We were still too far away to hear the sound distinctly. So I asked Taralika what it could be. I was full of fear and I was reminded of the evil forebodings when I started from my mansion. So we began to hurry up to reach the place. When we went a little further we could distinctly recognise the voice of Kapinjala, the companion of the hermit boy. He was crying out, "I am done for, I am burnt down. I am deceived. O wicked Lord of Love, why have you done this evil deed? O cruel moon, now perhaps you feel gratified. The whole world has become a void to me. My dear companion, I will also follow you. I am not able to continue my life any longer without you. Why have you left me in this lonely condition, as if I am just an ordinary man unknown to you? I request you to get up and give me a reply." Soon we reached that place and I saw that companion clinging to the hermit boy by his neck and weeping in great grief. His eyes were full of tears. When I went in, I felt that I had entered the regions of gloom in the nether world. I now remember

nothing, where I went, what I did and what I said. I do not know how it is that at that moment my own life did not escape from my body. When I recovered I found myself lying down on the ground unable to move. I too began to shout for my parents and others for help. I also began to say to the hermit, who was really dead, "Where have you gone leaving me in this desolate condition? You may ask my attendant, Taralika, what all pangs I have suffered in my heart on your account. I had to spend only a single day and that was as long to me as a thousand world periods." I fell on his body and holding him by his neck I cried for a long time in this way. When I try to think of all that took place there at that time, I am not able to remember anything that I had done or said.

Such was the story which Mahashveta narrated to Chandrapida. At this stage, Mahashveta fainted and fell down on the stone slab where she was sitting. Chandrapida supported her as if he was her attendant. He took hold of the ends of her garments that were wet with tears and he began to fan her. Slowly she recovered her senses. Chandrapida too was full of compassion for her and with tears in his eyes, he said, "I feel that I am a sinner that I should be the cause of bringing you again into this condition of extreme grief. It is better that you stop this narration of your story. I find myself unable to listen to it any longer. It is not proper that you should allow your thoughts to be revived and cause you this sort of burning sorrow in your heart."

She heaved a heavy sigh, she filled her eyes with tears and said, "O Prince, there is no danger of my life escaping from me at this time when it did not do so at that moment. I am perhaps such a sinner that even the Lord of Death has abandoned me. There is nothing more sad than this which I will have to narrate later. But I will be brief and I will tell

you why I continue to hold on to my life. Then she began to continue her narration.

In that condition I decided that I should put an end to my life and I asked Taralika to get up and instead of weeping to collect some fuel for me to jump into the flames and to burn myself to death. At that time, some divine being bearing a human form made his appearance in that place. He came out from the disc of the moon and descended from the sky. He had various ornaments on all his limbs. He wore shining silk robes which ruffled in the gentle breeze. He was very fair in his complexion. He was huge in size. When he came there, he lifted the body of the hermit boy who was dead and in a very majestic tone, he said, "My dear child Mahashveta, you should not throw away your life. A time will come when you will be able to be reunited with this youth." He uttered such words in a tone of extreme kindness to me like a father and then he went back to the sky holding the dead body in his hands. On account of such happenings, I was filled with fear and astonishment and curiosity. I asked Kapinjala what it all could be. But he did not give any reply. He was full of vacillations. He got up from his seat. He shouted, "You wicked man, you are carrying away my companion." He looked up, he was full of wrath. He tied up his garments and he himself disappeared, following that divine person. When I was looking on he went away and the three, the divine person, the body of the dead hermit boy and the companion, entered the cluster of stars in the sky.

When Kapinjala also went away, I felt that there was a second death of my loving friend and I asked Taralika whether she knew what it could be. She too is a woman and as is natural to them, she was filled with timidity and she was also full of fear which for the time being became so

strong as to suppress her own grief. Her whole body was shaking. She was afraid that I might commit suicide. She said to me, "O Princess, I am such a sinner that I cannot understand anything that is taking place here. All that I know is that this is the greatest wonder I have experienced. This person who made his appearance is certainly superhuman, so far as his form is concerned. When he was leaving us, he said something that is consoling to you, he was as full of compassion as a father. Generally such divine beings cannot tell a lie even in a dream. In this case, he said something direct to us, and we are not dreaming. However much I may think I see no reason why he should say something that will not be true. So you must think very carefully and desist from this decision of yours to put an end to your life. What he said is what should give complete relief to your heart. Further Kapinjala has followed him and he has disappeared. You must wait to know whence he came and who it is that came here, for what reason it can be that he carried away the body of this hermit boy who was dead and where he could have carried him. Although a reunion with him is what is most improbable, he has made such a promise and has given a consolation about the hopes of a reunion. Whether you should die or live on should be decided upon after knowing the facts. If Kapinjala returns alive and if he is not able to see you, he may not care to continue his life. So you must look for the time when he would come back." I thought that I should keep on my life. After all everybody is eager to continue one's life. I had some hope on account of the words of that divine person. For these reasons, I did not cast off my body at that time. I spent that night along with Taralika on the banks of that lake. I felt that that was the night preceding my death. It appeared to be like thousands of years. I could not get any sleep at all. I had to lie down on the bare floor, where it was covered with dust made muddy

with the tears that had fallen there. Early in the morning I got up and had my bath in that lake. I took up that same mug which the hermit boy had in his hand. I picked up that same robe of tree-bark and that very string of beads which the boy had on his body. I was thinking of the hard-heartedness of Providence. I could not think of the feelings of my father and of my mother. I had to discard all my companions. I decided to spend my life in a state of celebacy. I approached the idol of the Great God Shiva as my sole refuge.

A day passed in this way and the next day, my father and my mother came there, having heard about the events. They tried their best to persuade me to return to my home. All my companions and friends had also accompanied them to this place. He remained in that place for some days, because he could not forsake his own daughter. Then he went back to his house and all the others also returned. When my father left me, I began to take my residence in this cave, and it has been going on for this long period. That is my story. I have done a great sin. I am shameless. I have lost all affection and I am also cruel. I deserve to be condemned. There is no purpose in my continuing my life. You have met some one who has caused the death of such a holy person. I do not think that any good results will come out of your seeing me and your asking me the question. At the close of this long narration, she wiped her face with the edge of her robe of tree-bark. Tears began to flow as a torrent from her eyes. Then for a long time she kept on weeping. Such was the long story of Mahashveta.

VIII. VISIT TO HEMAKUTA

Chandrapida had been from the very beginning immensely impressed by the personality of Mahashveta. The story made his admiration for her redoubled. Taking great pity on her. Chandrapida began to address her about her condition and about what she should do under the circumstances. Generally, people weep in sympathy which will produce no good results in one's sorrow. They are not prepared to do anything that would suit the occasion for the grief. They are afraid to do anything serious. They are not grateful either. They look only for personal enjoyment. But in her case, she had done everything in a practical way, she had done everything which are appropriate in a person who has real love. If she had shed tears, it was only along with activities. She had to abandon all her relatives and friends who had been her constant companions from her birth. She had to give up all enjoyments in the world as if she was throwing away some dry grass. She could have enjoyed heavenly bliss and even more, and she discarded all of that. Her body had become emaciated through such vows and austerities. She took herself to severe penance. She took up residence in the forest, what no woman would gladly undertake. Chandrapida spoke with great admiration about all such things which she had taken up as a token of her love and attachment to that youth.

Chandrapida also tried to dissuade her from taking her life away following the death of her dear lover. There would be no fruits arising out of such an attempt. This is a path which only people without education and training would take up. It is an exhibition of mental confusion. It would also be

a hasty step. To die when the father or the mother or brother or friend or husband dies is a step which only lowly people take up. When one considers the situation, such an attempt to take away one's life under these conditions is a selfish step. It is taken only as remedy for the pain which one has to suffer and which one is not prepared to put up with. By such an act, no good is done to one who is already dead. This is not a method of bringing him back to life. This is not the way for one to amass good deeds to his credit for future welfare. This is not the way to attain the worlds which are attained through good deeds. It will not also be the method to prevent a fall into the hell. One will not be able to meet, or be reunited with, the dead person, through such methods. If one takes away one's own life, that will bring in only immense sin. Chandrapida instanced the story of many previous persons well known in the ancient epics to support his own position that it was not proper to take away one's life under any condition. One has to put up with the sorrow and continue in life.

He said that if there is even a distant hope that by doing so, there is a possibility of reunion, then one may put an end to one's life. In the case of Mahashveta, there was a message that she would be joined to him at some stage. There was no ground for suspecting some fraud in the words of such divine beings who had given her that message of solace. There is no possibility of a reunion between one who is dead and another who is not dead. So it was certain that the divine person who took him away must have some motive to bring him back to life, taking pity on him. The powers of such great people are inscrutable. The happenings in the world are also in a variety of ways. Providence too works in different ways. One's previous actions also work up their fruits in a variety of forms. However much we may think of it, what other motive could

that person have in carrying him away other than that he should bring him back to life? Mahashveta should not think that such a culmination was what can never take place. He instanced also many events known in epics to show the possibility of a return to life in the case of those who are dead, through the help of some agencies with superhuman powers. He assured her that in this case also the result would be of the same kind. Providence works wonders. Chandrapida ultimately said that everything would turn up well and that she should not condemn those who have done no wrong to deserve such a condemnation, as in the case of the person who had carried the dead hermit boy away. He asked her to remain bold and assured her that through courage, one can get across sufferings.

Chandrapida used all his powers of persuation to console her and once more he brought some water from the brook in his hands and washed her face with it, however unwilling she was that such services should be rendered by the honoured guest.

By this time, it was evening and the sun set in the western skies. The whole space was filled with darkness and the stars began to appear twinkling in the skies. A gentle breeze started to blow. The birds were flying back to their nests for the night. Mahashveta performed her usual ceremonies in the evening. She was heaving a heavy sigh and she took her seat on a bed which she prepared with her robe of tree-bark. Chandrapida also finished his evening ablutions and prepared a bed for himself with tender and soft leaves which he collected, on another stone slab in the locality. He began to ponder over the powers of love, how even people with a noble birth and with a steady heart fall a prey to it and think of taking away their lives. All that he could do was to salute that powerful love. He asked her where her companion, Taralika, had gone,

who had accompanied her to the forest. She narrated the story about her.

She had already spoken of the families of Gandharvas. In one of them there was a girl named Madira and one of the chieftains of the Gandharvas named Chitraratha married her. She rose up to the position of a queen among the Gandharvas with all the honours and all the paraphernalia associated with royalty. To them was born a girl named Kadambari. She was the greatest wonder among the Gandharvas. She became also the true life of the parents. It may even be said that the entire Gandharva clan of demi-gods considered her as their very life. She was such a gem among them. Mahashveta and this princess had been companions from their birth and they were always together when they sat down or when they slept or when they ate their food. Kadambari was another heart for Mahashveta herself. They had their education and training in dance and music and other arts. During their childhood they always played together.

When she heard about my sorrow, she decided that so long as Mahashveta was compelled to remain unmarried, she too would not unite herself with a husband. She also took a vow in the presence of her friends and companions that even if her father insisted on her marrying some one, she would prefer to die by taking poison or by entering fire; or she would hang herself. Her father Chitraratha heard about this vow when people began to talk about it. When she became quite a young lady, he grew rather sad about it. The king and the queen, Madira, consulted and they had sent a liveried attendant to Mahashveta even that very morning knowing that she would be the only person to persuade Kadambari to accept a husband even in the sad condition in which Mahashveta was spending her days. Mahashveta wanted to tell Kadambari that she was

already immersed in great sorrow and that if Kadambari persisted in refusing to accede to the wishes of her parents, she would be only adding further pain to her heart instead of easing her heart through such exhibition of sympathy. Mahashveta sent such a message to Kadambari through that attendant, Taralika. It was not very long after her departure that Chandrapida had reached the place.

When they were talking like this, the moon rose high up in the eastern sky. The whole forest grew illuminated. The stars began to get fainter. When Chandrapida noticed that Mahashveta was already asleep, he began to revolve in his mind about what his companion would be thinking at that moment, what his lady attendant, Patralekha and what all the princes who had been left behind in his camp would be thinking. Gradually, he too fell asleep, though his mind was full of such thoughts about his companions left behind in the camp.

When the night ended and when it was morning, Mahashveta woke up and she performed her usual morning ceremonies and recited various holy chants. Chandrapida too finished his daily ablutions. At that time, when it was still very early in the morning, Taralika had made her appearance accompanied by a Gandharva youth of sixteen years, named Keyuraka. Taralika was a little surprised that there should be such a stranger in the company of Mahashveta and she looked at him very carefully for some time. Then she approached Mahashveta and sat near her. Keyuraka also bowed and sat down on a stone slab indicated by Mahashveta with her eyes. Taralika was full of amazement at the sight of such a handsome young man in that locality. At this time Mahashveta was still engaged in her recitations of holy chants. When she had finished it, she asked Taralika whether she had met Kadambari and whether she was happy and would act according to her

advice. Taralika bowed her head as a mark of submission to her commands and she told Mahashveta that she had met Kadambari and that Kadambari was quite happy in the palace. She had also communicated her message to her in full. She had listened to Taralika with great attention and she said that Kadambari had sent a message in return which that young Gandharva, Keyuraka, would communicate to her. Then Keyuraka told her what Kadambari wanted to inform. Kadambari heard what Taralika had told her and she was wondering whether the message was in accordance with the directions of her parents or whether she was testing her firmness of heart or whether it was a remonstration against her continuing to live in the palace when Mahashveta was spending her days of sorrow in the wilderness or a desire to cut off all relations of friendship with her or whether it was an exhibition of her anger with her. Kadambari wanted Mahashveta to realise that her heart was full of innate love for her. She should not have sent such a heartless message to her and if she were in that position she would have been ashamed of such a thing. Mahashveta was always very sweet in her talks and she wondered who, meanwhile, could have taught her to talk in such an unpleasant manner. When her companion was living in the desolate jungles, sad over the loss of her lover, it was impossible for her to entertain any other person in her heart. When Mahashveta was performing such severe austerities how could she think of marrying and enjoying life? Kadambari even said that she was making a request to Mahashveta with bended knees; she should no longer make such a suggestion to her. Saying thus much, Keyuraka remained silent.

Mahashveta listened to the whole message with great attention, kept silent for a short while and said that she would herself go over to the place and see whether she could per-

sonally persuade Kadambari to change her mind. Then she discharged Keyuraka and when Keyuraka had gone, she turned to Chandrapida and said, "O Prince, Hemakuta is a very charming place. The palace of Chitraratha is exquisitely fascinating. In that country called the Kimpurusha Varsha, there are many wonderful things which are not seen in the regions where Chandrapida had been spending his life. The Gandharva people are supremely hospitable and Kadambari is very noble and of a very charming nature. If you will not find a visit to that place a great trouble, if that will not stand in the way of any other serious work of yours, if your mind has a curiosity to see what you could never have seen before, if you have a desire to follow what I tell you, then you should not make my invitation vain. You can start from here along with me to Hemakuta and there you can meet Kadambari who is not at all different from me. You can help me in changing her mind so far as her refusal is concerned and halting there for a day you can return to this place tomorrow. You have come here quite accidentally and you have become a friend to me without any recognisable cause. I have told you my entire story. This has given my heart a great relief from my pain. Now I am able to breathe freely after such a long time. Certainly the visit of a good person gives happiness even to one in deep sorrow." When Mahashveta finished, Chandrapida said that from the time of meeting her he was feeling that he was her servant and that she could command what he had to do. In this way both got up from their seats. They also started for Hemakuta. In course of time, they reached Hemakuta and came among the Gandharva people. They went through many towers that were made of gold. They crossed squares after squares and in the end they reached the quarters assigned for the girls. When the door-keeper who carried a golden mace in her hand, saw them approaching, she went

up to them hurriedly and bowed her head; she led them to the apartments. The prince then saw the private apartments of the unmarried girls. There were so many ladies crowding in that place that he thought that in the whole place there were none else as residents. The whole place was shining with various decorations and with the ornaments of the ladies and with other costly and precious equipments. There were innumerable mansions in the locality and each appeared to be a temple dedicated to the Lord of Love.

When they entered the inner apartments, they could hear the talk of the ladies employed in the place. They were some of the ladies in authority, directing attendants to see to the various arrangements in the place. They had to water the trees and the plants. They had to collect the articles for decorations of the apartments and of the bodies of the people. They were also talking to one another, often in a serious mood and sometimes in a joking manner. Hearing all such talks and enjoying the talks, they both went to the house where Kadambari was living. The path leading to her house was long and was bordered on both sides by trees full of fragrant flowers. The flowers had fallen on the ground. Ladies had been walking up and down the path. They reached a platform where many ladies who were engaged in guarding the entrance had been sitting. In the middle of that platform Kadambari was sitting surrounded by a large number of ladies. She was seated on a couch with a soft bed covered with shining silk. She had been resting her arms on some pillows. Keyuraka who had visited Mahashveta and who had seen Chandrapida was sitting in front of her, with his face turned towards her. She was asking him various questions regarding Chandrapida. Who was he, whose son is he, what is his name, how does he look, how old is he, what did he say,

what did you tell him, how long did you see him, how did he come to know Mahashveta, will he come over to Hemakuta? These and various other questions were being asked by her.

When he saw the face of Kadambari, he was full of joy. He began to think why the Creator did not make all his sense-organs as eyes so that he could look at her with all of them. He was full of admiration for the exquisite beauty of her form and he wondered how the Creator could have produced such an object of wonder in the world. He cast a look on the eyes of Kadambari. She was also full of wonder on seeing such a personality which far surpassed all the other persons she had seen or heard about and she kept on looking at Chandrapida for some time. When Kadambari saw him she got up from her seat. Her mind was a little upset at this surprise and she found it rather difficult even to walk steadily. She was full of feelings of affection for him and in his heart also a similar feeling of love found a place. Kadambari approached and caught hold of Mahashveta on her neck and Mahashveta returned that token of cordial feelings of mutual affection. Then Mahashveta began to tell Kadambari who the new visitor was. He told her that there was a king of Ujjayini named Tarapida and that this prince was his son named Chandrapida. He went on an expedition of conquests and he reached that place as an adventure during that expedition. She also told Kadambari that from the first time she met him, he appealed to her as a real friend, as dear as a close relative, though there is no such visible ground for that reaction. She told Kadambari of all the great qualities of the guest. She recommended to Kadambari further that she must regard him as one among themselves and behave to him with full confidence as to herself. At this, Chandrapida bowed his head as

a salutation to her. Kadambari was so full of joy that she even began to shed tears from her eyes. She smiled and bent her eye-brows as a salutation in return. Chandrapida stood gazing at her with a deep feeling of love.

Kadambari bowed her head and along with Mahashveta, she took her seat on a couch. Chandrapida also sat down on a chair that was brought to him by the attendants who were there. It was made of gold and it had a shining cover on the cushion. Mahashveta knew what Kadambari had in her mind and she gave orders to the ladies who were guarding the entrance to stop all music that was being played on the flutes and on the Vinas and also the shouts of "Victory, Victory" uttered by the women bards there. The attendants brought some water; Kadambari got up and with that water, she washed the feet of Mahashveta. Then she resumed her seat on the couch. There was one among the attendants who was a special favourite of Kadambari and though Chandrapida was very averse to such formalities, this attendant washed the feet of the prince. Mahashveta placed her hands on the shoulder of Kadambari and made formal inquiries about her welfare. She replied that she was quite happy, though she felt guilty in staying in the home when Mahashveta was spending her days in the forest all alone. Kadambari should have been looking at Mahashveta and yet she kept on looking at Chandrapida, and this caused some perturbation in the mind of the prince. At this time, Kadambari thought of handing over some betel leaf to Mahashveta and the latter told her that they should think of the new guest who had come there. So she asked Kadambari to give that betel leaf first to Chandrapida. But Kadambari was too much filled with bashfulness and excused herself saying that she was hesitant to make the offer of the betel leaf to him since she did not know him at all; she asked Mahashveta to hand

it over to him herself. But when Mahashveta insisted, she decided to hand over the betel leaf to Chandrapida with her own hands. She stretched out her hands in which she had been holding the betel leaf. She was so full of bashfulness that she was about to let the betel leaf to drop down from her hands, and her hands were shaking. Chandrapida on his part extended his hands to receive it from Kadambari. Kadambari placed the betel leaf on his hands. On account of the agitation in her mind she did not notice that when she was handing over the betel leaf to Chandrapida, a bangle from her hand had dropped down. She took another betel leaf and offered it to Mahashveta.

At this stage, there appeared a she-parrot followed by a male parrot. The she-parrot said, "O Princess Kadambari, why do you not forbid this wicked bird from chasing me like this? If you do not take care of me when this bird is following me, I will take away my life. I fall at your feet and I pray you to save me." At this Kadambari smiled. Mahashveta did not know what it all could be and asked about it to one of the companions there named Madalekha, and the latter said, "This parrot has the name of Kalindi and she is a great favourite of Kadambari. Kadambari arranged for her marriage with the parrot named Parihasa. Today in the morning this she-parrot saw the male parrot reciting something in the presence of Tamalika, one of the attendants of Kadambari. She became filled with jealousy and being very angry with him she refused to go near him. She does not talk with him, does not touch him, not even looks at him, and however much all of us tried to bring her back to terms of friendship she refuses to be appeased. Hearing this, Chandrapida was filled with amazement and he, with a smile on his face, began to speak in a jovial mood about that jealousy.

About this time, the liveried guard of the apartments came up and said that Chitraratha, the king, and Madira, the queen, wanted to meet Mahashveta and that she has to go to meet them. Mahashveta asked Kadambari where Chandrapida would remain during her absence. Kadambari replied that it was the responsibility of Mahashveta to take a decision on the matter and Mahashveta replied that he might remain in the marble mansion within the garden close to the residence of Kadambari. Saying so, she left the place to meet the king of the Gandharvas. Chandrapida went with her and there were many young ladies to escort, girls who were experts in vocal and instrumental music of various kinds, in arts like painting and sculpture, who had been deputed by Kadambari to escort him. Outside he met Keyuraka whom he had already seen, and led by him, he went to the marble mansion in the pleasure garden. When he left the place, Kadambari allowed most of the attendants who were there to leave the place, and accompanied by a few of her special attendants, she went up to the top of her own mansion. When she reached the place, she flung herself on a bed and the attendants who had been standing a little far off tried to console her. She recovered her senses and she felt very much agitated with bashfulness. She began to revolve in her mind about her own condition and its consequences. She felt that she was rather hasty in her actions. He was a stranger, never seen before. People might say that she was rather light-hearted. She did not care to determine how his mind was working. She did not think of the possibility of his refusal. She showed no fear about the reactions of the parents. She did not think of Mahashveta who was in great distress. She did not consider the position that all her companions were remaining round her and that they would have noticed everything. Even 'silly

people would not fail to take note of the changes in her mind under the situation. Especially the employees in the inner apartments of the palace are very clever to detect such things in the minds of the others. Either she would have to lead a life of shame or she will have to end her life and the latter choice would be preferable. When they hear about her mental state what will her father and her mother and all the Gandharvas say? In what way could she conceal her mind from others? To whom could she talk about her condition? She tried in her mind to retract her thoughts from Chandrapida. She did not know what she should do, what steps she should take. She got up from her seat and remained looking at the garden where Chandrapida was taking rest in a mansion.

Chandrapida went into the mansion to which Keyuraka had led him and he sat on a bed which was sumptuously provided with a large number of cushions. All the attendants who had accompanied him remained around him. He began to think of the way in which Kadambari had been behaving when she met him. He noticed all signs of extreme bashfulness in her. He began to wonder whether what he had noticed were real or whether he was only imagining various things on account of the intense love which had taken hold of his heart. After a pause he felt that there would be no purpose in allowing his heart to suffer pains like that. It was better that he left everything to the workings of Love. So he woke up from these dream-like musings and decided to enjoy the time in the company of the attendants by playing dice or with music or with interesting talk. After some time he was curious to have a look at the whole garden and so he came out of the mansion and went up to the top of the hill on which the garden and the mansion within the garden were situated.

Kadambari noticed that Chandrapida had gone into the garden on the top of the hill. She wanted to know when Mahashveta would be returning, since she had been away for a fairly long time. To look at the path along which she would be coming back, she left the room and went to the terrace on the top of her mansion. She was accompanied by only a very few attendants. One of them had been holding a white umbrella over her to protect her from the sun. Four of them were waving fans to relieve her from the heat. Sometimes she would take hold of the handle of the fan, sometimes she would lean on the umbrella-pole and sometimes she would place her hands on the shoulder of her attendant Tamalika. She tried to hide herself among the attendants and cast a look with her eyes partly closed. In this way she was looking at Chandrapida who was in the garden below. Some long time passed and she was not aware of it. By that time, one of the young ladies who was guarding the entrance came up and reported that Mahashveta had already returned and Kadambari went down from the terrace of the mansion. That was the time when she had to perform her bath and other items of daily routine and she was not at all interested in any such thing. But when Mahashveta was doing it, she had also to follow her. Chandrapida also had his bath and other items of his daily routine and he had also enjoyed his food in that garden. He took his seat on a slab of precious stone and spent the whole day time there, enjoying the various wonderful things in that region. His mind was full of various thoughts.

When he was in this mood, he noticed that Madalekha, the companion of Kadambari came there with her hands held by her attendant and also by a number of other young ladies serving there, with Tamalika following her and with Keyuraka showing her the way. Her companion, Taralika, was by her

side. In her hand she held a pearl necklace of immense size and of superb quality. Chandrapida was taken by surprise at this extraordinary brilliance which surpassed even the lustre of the moon. He knew that it was emanating from the pearl necklace. He got up and received Madalekha, the companion of Kadambari, who came first. Among the attendants of Kadambari, one had some sandal paste in a bowl of gems and another had a pair of white silk garments. Chandrapida accepted all such things, decorated himself with the sandal paste and accepted the silk garments as his dress. He put them on. He placed a garland of jasmines on his head. Then Madalekha sat on a stone slab and Chandrapida also took his seat. She paid compliments to him, extolled his great qualities and presented that necklace to him. He was the only person who was worthy of wearing such a wonderful ornament which was of supernatural origin. It was sent by Mahashveta as a mark of the love which Kadambari bore for him and she requested that he should not refuse such a token of affection shown for the first time. With such words she placed the necklace around his neck and it adorned his chest.

Chandrapida was full of wonder and amazement at this. He replied in suitable terms, "O Madalekha, what can I say? You are too clever for me. You know how you could compel me to accept this. You have taken away from me all occasion for any reply and in this way you have shown your dexterity in commanding language. Who am I either to accept or to reject? This story has already gone out of sight. I can be engaged by people like you in whatever things you choose, whether I like them or not. Kadambari's qualities are such that everyone becomes a servant to her. After this they talked about Kadambari for some time, and then Chandrapida let Madalekha to leave the place.

When Madalekha left the place, Kadambari went up to the top of the mansion again with a desire to have a good look at Chandrapida who had worn the robes of white silk sent to him. She allowed only a very few attendants to remain with her, and all the others were asked to go away. She remained in that place looking at Chandrapida. By that time, the day was coming to a close. When the sun had gone down and when the stars began to shine in the sky, Kadambari came down from the top of her mansion and Chandrapida also went down from the top of the hill on which the garden was situated. The moon made his appearance in the eastern sky, making the whole space illuminated with his clear rays. Chandrapida washed his feet with fragrant waters specially prepared for him and sat on a stone slab shown to him by the attendants of Kadambari. At that time, Keyuraka came there and said that Kadambari was desirous of meeting him. Chandrapida got up from his seat and found Kadambari approaching towards him accompanied by a very limited number of companions, without any of the emblems of royalty like an umbrella and fans, which she always kept by her side. She had only a very simple set of ornaments on her body, just a single pearl necklace. She wore white silk robes. Madalekha was with her. When she came near him, she sat on the ground as if she was a simple, ordinary person. Madalekha asked Chandrapida to continue his seat on the stone slab. But he insisted on sitting on the ground.

When all of them had taken their seats, there was a short silence, and then Chandrapida said, "Princess, I was very happy at having been able to have a look at you. I have no right to hope for the further pleasure of talking with you. I may think again and again and I see no reason why I should be the object of so much honour at your hands. I am really

like a servant to you and yet you treat me like this. That shows the nobility of your nature." When he was talking like this, Madalekha cut short his words and said that there was no occasion for him to talk like that. She has understood everything even without his words. After a short while, Kadambari made enquiries about his father, King Tarapida, about his mother, queen Vilasavati, about the minister Shukanasa, about the city of Ujjayini, how far that city was from the place, about the whole of Bharata Varsha and whether that region of men was beautiful. They spent some time in such familiar talks; then Kadambari got up from her seat and, calling all her attendants, she went up to the mansion where Chandrapida was to sleep at night. She had arranged that Keyuraka should sleep in the same mansion along with Chandrapida. There, a beautiful bed had been prepared with a snow-white sheet to cover it. Chandrapida went into his apartment in the mansion and spent the whole night as if it was only a short moment. His mind was fully occupied with the thoughts of the affection of Kadambari for which there was no noticeable ground, of the friendliness of Mahashveta, the high character of Madalekha, the large number of attendants in the place, the charms of the country of the demi-gods and all such wonders which he had been experiencing during the day. In the morning, the moon went down into the horizon and the rays of the moon grew dim. The lights in the living apartments were getting faint. A gentle breeze began to blow, carrying the fragrance of the flowers in the garden. The sun was rising in the eastern sky.

Chandrapida got up and had his ablutions and then he called Keyuraka and asked him to find out whether Kadambari had woken up or not. He returned immediately and announced that Kadambari was sitting on the pavement in front

of the mansion along with Mahashveta. So he went to see the daughter of the king of the Gandharvas. He found that Mahashveta was reciting various holy chants and also singing adorations about the various gods, including Jina and Avalokiteshvara. Behind her were sitting a Kinnara (a kind of demi-gods) pair playing on flutes to keep the tune. The son of Narada was reciting the Mahabharata with his very sweet voice and in melodious tunes. Kadambari was also listening with great attention to that recitation. Chandrapida bowed to Kadambari and took his seat on the same pavement. Sitting there in silence for a short while, he looked at Mahashveta and smiled. Mahashveta knew the purpose of his visit and turning to Kadambari, she told her that Chandrapida was not able to talk to her directly; perhaps he was wanting to leave the place. He had left all his escorts behind, consisting of many princes. Even when both of them would have to live far apart from each other, she was sure that their mutual affection would continue till the end of the world. So, she suggested that Kadambari might give him permission to leave the place.

Kadambari could not say anything against it. She called a few young Gandharvas born of very noble families and commanded that they should lead him to his country. Chandrapida got up and again bowed his head first to Mahashveta and then to Kadambari. He was very much attracted by the looks of affection proceeding from her eyes and took leave of them saying that he did not know what he should say at that time. If a man talks too much people may not take any notice of him. The only request that he had to make was that when they talk about various things, he may be remembered always. Saying this, he left the inner mansions of the palace reserved for the girls. All of them followed him, except

Kadambari, up to the outer gate. When all the people returned, Chandrapida mounted a horse that Keyuraka brought for him and he was about to start from Hemakuta accompanied by the young Gandharvas who were commissioned to escort him to his own region. His mind was full of the thoughts of Kadambari and he was extremely sad to separate himself from Kadambari. He saw her in his own heart.

When he reached the place where Mahashveta had been performing her penance he noticed that his following had been able to trace his path by marking the hoof-prints of Indrayudha and had already reached the place. So he allowed all the young Gandharvas to return to Hemakuta and he was able to reach his own camp being greeted by his companions with salutations and felicitations. He showed due honours to all the princes who were in the escort. He spent the day in the company of his friend Vaishampayana and his attendant Patralekha, talking about Mahashveta and about Kadambari and about Madalekha and about Tamalika and about Keyuraka. After having seen Kadambari, his heart did not care for the lustre of royalty in his own kingdom. He was thinking of her all the time and the night passed without allowing him a wink of sleep on account of such thoughts.

Next morning, he got up. The sun had already risen. He saw Keyuraka coming along with an attendant. Keyuraka bowed his head even at a distance and Chandrapida asked him to approach without any hesitation and when he came closeby he embraced Keyuraka; he also asked him to take a seat close to himself. He asked him about the welfare of Kadambari and of Mahashveta. He replied that she must be especially happy because he was making such inquiries about her. Then Keyuraka took out some packet of lotus leaves from his clothes and gave it to Chandrapida who opened it

and found various articles like betel leaf and areca-nuts and sandal paste. He said that Kadambari and Mahashveta and all the people in Hemakuta whom he had met had sent their salutations to him in their appropriate way, also said that Mahashveta had sent a message to him, "I feel that such are the fortunate who had never met you. When we were together your great qualities were as cooling and joy-giving as the rays of the moon, but when you had left, the same qualities were giving heat like the mid-day sun in summer. People here are praying for the return of the previous day when they had all been enjoying a shower of nectar. When you have left, people have also left off every kind of merriment. You know that I have myself discarded all joys in life. Yet my heart is longing to see you who have become such a dear friend to me, for which partiality there is no visible ground. There is something more. Kadambari is in great distress. She is remembering you and your face with its sweet smiles, and she is always thinking of you. There I have one request to make and that is that you pay another visit to this place and make her feel happy. I am sending you the necklace which was left behind on your bed and which you forgot to take with you." With this message he took out the necklace which was emitting a bright lustre and handed it over to the attendant nearby.

Chandrapida took possession of the presents which Kadambari had sent him and also the necklace with his own hands. He made use of the various articles which Kadambari had sent him and then he wore the necklace round his neck. Then he got up from that place and he wanted to take a stroll on the hills there. He took Keyuraka with him and asked all the other people to leave him. When they were alone, Chandrapida asked Keyuraka to describe everything that had taken place in Hemakuta after his departure, how Kadambari spent

her day, what Mahashveta was doing, whether Madalekha had said anything, what all the attendants had been saying about his visit and what he himself had been doing there. Keyuraka gave a detailed account of everything that had taken place there. When he had left, Kadambari went up to the terrace of her mansion and kept on looking at the path along which he had gone, though the path was covered with dust on account of the horses kicking the ground with their hoofs. When he had gone out of sight, she rested herself with her hands on the shoulders of Madalekha and remained there for a long time. After some time she came down from the top of her mansion and went to the very garden where Chandrapida had been spending his time. She began to take note of the various places where Chandrapida had taken his seat or walked or took his bath or did various other things like his food, during his stay there. In the evening, Kadambari and Mahashveta ate their supper in that very mansion where he was living. He also narrated all the events at night, how with great difficulty she went to her own apartments and how she spent a sleepless night. In the morning, she sent Keyuraka with a message to Chandrapida. That was the full account which Keyuraka communicated to Chandrapida.

Chandrapida wanted to go to Hemakuta and gave orders to get his horse ready for the journey. He mounted his horse, Indrayudha, allowed his attendant Patralekha also to take her seat on the same horse and asked Vaishampayana to look after the army that had been escorting him. Keyuraka rode on another horse and in this way they all went again to Hemakuta. When they reached the mansion of Kadambari, he dismounted from his horse. He asked the gate-keeper to take charge of the horse. Patralekha was very eager about meeting Kadambari first and so, when they reached the house, he asked some one who was coming out towards him, where

Kadambari was at that time. He replied that she was in a cool-house near the lotus pond on the hill-top. Keyuraka led them and they went into the garden and spent some time there. They saw the cool-house nearby. There they saw a person who was a personal attendant of Kadambari and who was an expert in taking care of the body by applying cooling objects when the body suffers from excessive heat. Led by him, they entered the house through a double line of banana trees which served as an entrance, where many attendants were guarding the place. Chandrapida observed the whole place with great attention. He saw various equipments and arrangements there that were a wonder to him. The whole place was extremely cool. On one side there was Kadambari who was being attended upon by people all round since she was suffering from the effects of excessive heat.

When Kadambari heard that Chandrapida had arrived, she could not believe the news and she again and again asked her attendants whether he had actually come there and how far away from that place he was at that time. Then she got up from the bed of flowers on which she was lying. Chandrapida approached and after bowing to Mahashveta he bowed also to Kadambari. After bowing back to him, she lay down on the flower-bed again. The attendant brought a golden seat for Chandrapida, but he moved it off and took his seat on the ground. Then Keyuraka introduced Patralekh to Kadambari, saying that she was the personal attendant of Chandrapida. Kadambari was struck by the personal charms of that lady and felt that the Creator had some special partiality for human beings. At this Patralekha bowed to Kadambari and Kadambari asked her to go near her and to sit close to herself. Kadambari felt some kind of special affection for Patralekha and, as a mark of that affection, she again and again touched Patralekha with her hands. Chandrapida was a little

puzzled and did not know how to break the silence. Yet he said that he knew how she was suffering from love. He consoled her by assuring her that the same pain was creating in him a far greater suffering than in herself. He noted all the signs of the pangs of love in her, since she was wearing no bangles on her arms, and tears were dripping down from her eyes. He advised her to wear some ornaments. Kadambari was willing to do everything which Chandrapida advised her to do. But she was very modest and she could actually do nothing more than remain silent. She was very eager to have a full look at his charming face, but she simply made a smile and cast a side glance at him.

At this stage, Madalekha said, "Prince, I do not know what I should say. She is suffering a severe pain which is very hard for her to bear. Because she is thinking of you, everything that should be pleasing to her has become a source of suffering. Tender stalk of lotus and cooling leaves of trees act like fire on her. Moonlight is felt like the hot rays of the sun. When one fans her, that only increases her suffering. She continues to hold on to her life simply because of her natural courage of heart." In her own heart, Kadambari approved of what Madalekha had said as the right reply to Chandrapida. Chandrapida was not sure of the true meaning of what Madalekha had said and so he was still slightly diffident about his own position in relation to Kadambari. He remained there for a long time talking to Mahashveta. Then it was with some difficulty that he could get himself released from that situation. He wanted to reach the camp back again and so he started from the mansion of Kadambari. When he went out and when he was about to mount his horse, Keyuraka came from behind and said that Madalekha had sent him with a message for Chandrapida. Kadambari had taken a special affection for his attendant, Patralekha, from

the time she first met her, and it was Kadambari's desire that Patralekha be permitted to remain behind in the place. She could go away on a later occasion. Chandrapida felicitated Patralekha that she was the object of such consideration from Kadambari and allowed her to go back and enter the mansion. Then he went back to his camp.

IX. BACK IN UJJAYINI

When Chandrapida entered his camp, he met a messenger there who had come from his father with a letter. He could very easily recognise him. Even from a distance, he pulled the horse and with very eager eyes that were fully open, he asked the messenger whether there was anything special in Ujjayini, whether his father and his mother and all the people in the palace had been getting on well. The messenger went up to him and said with a bow, that Chandrapida would know everything from the letter which he had been commissioned to deliver to him. He took out two letters and submitted them to him. The prince opened them and read them himself one after the other. The first letter was: "Blessings. The emperor, Tarapida, sends his love to the prince Chandrapida, from Ujjayini. All the people in the country are enjoying happiness. It is a long time since I have been able to meet you. So I want you to start back as soon as you would have finished reading the letter." The second letter was sent by the Minister, Shukanasa. That too contained the very thing which was written in the letter of the king. At this stage, Vaishampayana came there and Chandrapida showed him both the letters. Then Chandrapida said that he has to do what the father had commanded him to do. So he did not even get down from his horse and gave the signs of a march back to the city. Near to him there was the commander-in-chief, Meghanada, son of Valahaka, and Chandrapida gave orders to him that he should stay behind and return to Ujjayini along with Patralekha. He also sent word to Kadambari that Keyuraka should escort Patralekha to that place. He

also sent a very long message explaining his position and his feelings towards her. But he had an order from his father and he should not disobey his commands. He was starting for Ujjayini under orders from his father. He wanted Kadambari to remember him whenever she would be talking about people in general. He assured her that, if he lived longer, he would take a chance to meet her and to worship her feet. He sent a special message to Mahashveta. He asked Keyuraka to communicate his feelings of respect for Madalekha too. He had some word of affection to be delivered to all the people whom he had seen and known in Hemakuta.

Chandrapida put Vaishampayana in charge of the army in the camp. He was very loath to leave the place on account of his love for Kadambari. But he had to go and so he asked for the way to go to Ujjayini and started off. He rode along the thick forest for a whole day and in the evening he was able to note a red banner-staff on the way, even from a great distance. He saw a gate-way which had a door decked with ivory and the gate-way itself was made of metals. There was a metal buffalo placed in front of the gate. Flowers were scattered all along the place on the floor. He noted that it was a temple dedicated for Goddess Chandi. He saw in that temple an aged man from the Dravida country who was living there. He got down from the horse, worshipped the Goddess and then he met that aged person. Though his mind was full of moody thoughts on account of that unexpected separation from Kadambari, he could not suppress a laughter at the sight of that aged man. When he noted that his retinue also were bursting out into laughter, he had to suppress his own laughter and also that of the other people. Chandrapida started to talk to him in a pleasant manner and also gave his apologies. When Chandrapida found that the aged man was free from all ill-will, he asked him about his native country,

his caste and his education, about his wife and children, about his financial condition and his age and finally about the circumstances which led to the renunciation of his worldly affairs. When Chandrapida asked him such questions, he gave a full account of himself. The prince was very much charmed by the account of his lost physical strength and valour and wealth. That proved a sort of diversion for him in his grief on account of his separation from Kadambari. When they became such intimate friends, the prince asked his people to supply him with betel leaf.

The sun went down. The princes who were escorting him were settled down at the feet of the various trees in that region. The horses were given water and their reins were tied to the branches of the trees. All the people in the army were asked to sleep on the ground near the horses, on beds made of leaves. Various bright lamps were lighted to illuminate the entire camp. Chandrapida also had to tie up Indrayudha in some place and he also lay down near it on a bed prepared by his attendants. His mind was full of grief. He let all the princess to leave him alone. He did not even talk to any one among them though with some of them he was very intimate. When he closed his eyes he felt that in his mind he was travelling to the Kimpurusha region, where Hemakuta, the residence of Kadambari was situated. He was thinking of nothing but Hemakuta. He was thinking of the friendly affections of Mahashveta for which there was no visible ground. The only fruit that he wanted to reap from his having lived in the world was that he should once more meet Kadambari. He remembered all the other people there like Madalekha and Tamalika. He hoped that Keyuraka would visit him again. He saw in his heart the various places where he had met Kadambari. He could not help thinking of his own attendant Patralekha who had been left behind. In this way he spent the whole night

without any sleep at all. In the morning he got up, gave joy to the aged man by gifts of immense riches and, spending his time on the way along the beautiful regions, he reached Ujjayini in a few days.

The people did not know that he was returning at that time; they were all very happy when he entered the city. People rushed to the king, Tarapida, and told him that Chandrapida was already at the gate. Tarapida went to the gate in the company of the many kings who were there at that time. They all had their rich ornaments, and they led him to the place. He went to the gate on foot. When he saw his father, Chandrapida got down from his horse even at a great distance. The father was very eager to meet him, and saying, "Come, come," he took hold of the hands of the prince and embraced him for some time. The prince saluted all the kings in the appropriate manner and the king took him to the residence of the queen, Vilasavati. All the employees in the inner apartments of the palace were standing around her and she too received him with all affection. Certain ceremonies that are usually performed on the return of such people, were conducted. They talked about the story of his march of victory. After spending some time with the queen, the prince went to meet Shukanasa, the minister. There too the same programme was gone through and they all remained there for some time. He told the minister that his son, Vaishampayana, was left behind in charge of the army and that he was quite well. He went and saw Vaishampayana's mother, Manorama. Returning to the residence of the queen, he finished his bath, and all the time he was feeling very much tired. They thought that it was the fatigue of the journey, though in his own mind, he was thinking of everything that had taken place at Hemakuta, the residence of Kadambari. Later in the day he went to his own palace. He felt that the whole place was vacant, though there were all his attendants

and the whole place was filled with the noise made by them when he had returned from his march of victory. He was anxious to hear something about Kadambari and he eagerly waited for the return of Patralekha who had been left behind at Hemakuta and whom the commander of the army, Meghanada, was to escort later.

X. ACCOUNT OF PATRALEKHA

Then when a few days passed, Meghanada returned along with Patralekha. He brought her to Chandrapida, who received her with the greatest affection, since she had been his constant companion and since she was away from him for some time; especially was he interested in her return on account of the fact that she had spent some time with Kadambari and would be bringing with her very happy news about her. He also honoured Meghanada with a touch on his back with his own hands, when he made his salutations to him. They all sat down and then Chandrapida asked Patralekha how Mahashveta and Kadambari were getting on at Hemakuta and he also made similar enquiries about Madalekha and also about all the other people whom he had met at Hemakuta and for whom he had developed some deep affection. Patralekha reported that they were all happy and that Kadambari had sent with her some special message for him, and that the message was in her own name and also on behalf of all the other people. When Patralekha had said thus much, Chandrapida asked the people around him to retire and then he went into the inner apartments along with Patralekha. Now, when all the attendants had retired, Chandrapida asked Patralekha to explain to him how she had spent her days at Hemakuta, how many days she stayed there, how Kadambari, was thinking of him and what all things they had been talking about during the stay there. They must have been telling various tales and they must also have been remembering him. Patralekha asked Chandrapida to listen to her with attention when she would be explaining all the events during her sojourn there.

When Chandrapida had left the place, Patralekha went back to Kadambari and spent some time with her in the forenoon. In the afternoon, both of them went into a small garden asking all the attendants to retire. They went up to a pavement together and stood there leaning against some marble pillars. Kadambari was eager to talk to her, but simply kept gazing at her without a wink in her eyes for a long time. She was full of love and its afflictions, which were quite visible on her face and in her body. Patralekha knew that Kadambari wanted to say something. But through bashfulness she was not able to say anything. Perhaps she was afraid that even the bees and the birds in that neighbourhood might hear her and from her behaviour, she appeared to be driving out the swans and the bees and other beings from the place. Tears were flowing incessantly from her eyes.

She could know clearly that Kadambari was full of grief and that it must have been a very bad day for her to bear. She was continuously heaving sighs. Both of them remained in that condition of silence for a long time. After some time, Kadambari made herself bold enough to start talking. Kadambari assured Patralekha that her own father and mother and Mahashveta and Madalekha did not occupy the same place in her heart, so far as affection was concerned, which Patralekha occupied. Patralekha had been her dear friend from the time of their first meeting. She could not explain why she could keep all her friends and companions far away from herself and put such confidence in Patralekha. There was no one else to whom she was bold enough to talk so freely, with no one else could she think of sharing her sorrows in that condition. She knew that her hands had not been offered to Chandrapida by her parents and that there had been no approval from the elder people. But somehow or other she found that she had been brought to that condition by Chandrapida. She did not

know whether such is the behaviour of great people like Chandrapida, whether such people bring affliction to maidens. Patralekha was her only friend and she said that since she had brought about such a stain on the good name of her family, the only way in which she could remove it would be by taking away her own life. Saying thus much Kadambari remained silent.

Patralekha had known of nothing that had taken place at Hemakuta when Chandrapida had visited the place. She did not know what mistake Chandrapida could have done, so that her mind should be subjected to such severe pain. Patralekha told her very definitely that if Kadambari were to surrender her life for any mistake of Chandrapida, it would be only after she herself had given up her own life. Then Kadambari explained how Chandrapida had been making his appearance everywhere in dream and in waking condition and how she was seeing him everywhere. When Patralekha heard the whole story, she knew that her heart had been drawn far away by love on account of Chandrapida. She felt that Kadambari's love had fallen on some one who was worthy of her and that Chandrapida should be congratulated on this culmination. Patralekha openly told Kadambari that she should have no kind of ill-feeling towards Chandrapida. It was all the work of the Lord of Love and also of Providence. Kadambari was unaware of the working of the Lord of Love. Patralekha had to explain all about the Lord of Love, how he is without a body and how his movements and behaviour are inscrutable. All the people in the entire world become targets for his arrows. He hits every one, even the most powerful ones. She made a full explanation, so far as she knew about it, how the Lord of Love works.

When Kadambari had heard all about this, she thought for a moment and then she replied. Kadambari confessed that she had been compelled by the Lord of Love to entertain a

partiality for the prince, Chandrapida. She was experiencing in herself everything which Patralekha had explained to her about the effects of the working of love in a person. Kadambari was ignorant of all matters relating to such experiences in the world. She wanted Patralekha to advise her what she should do under the situation. She was too timid to go and tell her parents about her condition and she preferred to lose her life rather than continue her life in that way. Patralekha told her that that was not an occasion to think of giving up her life. As a matter of fact, what the Lord of Love had been doing in her case must be welcomed as a great boon. She would never be a target for any kind of unpleasant talk on the part of her parents. It is all the work of that Lord of Love. He decides all things like a father and a mother and companions. He gives away the hands of maidens and he approves such a union. There were many cases when maidens had accepted young men as husbands by themselves. Even the law books prescribe the mode of choosing a husband for maidens. There is no meaning in such prescriptions unless the maidens had the freedom to make such a choice. Again Patralekha told her that such was not the occasion for her to think of ending her life. She wanted Kadambari to discharge her and permit her to return. She assured her that she would bring the object of her love to her.

When Kadambari heard all that Patralekha had said, she again said that she recognised her great affection for herself. She considered it a thoughtless thing for a lady to make an approach to a man directly. She was feeling a little shame when she had to send any message herself. She did not know also what message she could send to Chandrapida. To say that he was her supreme favourite would be saying something which Patralekha had already known. To say openly that she was in despondent love for him would be what only women leading

a free life outside wedlock should do. She suggested various alternatives as the topic for a suitable message and she found some objection in all such alternatives. To say as a last choice that when she would end her life he would know her affection for him was also what would not be a possibility.

End of Part I

PART II

PART II

[At this stage, the part written by the great romance writer closes. It was his son who took up the work and continued the story following the lead which the father had given him. It may be noted that the last sentence contains the word "Death", and there is a belief that, in some cases, such a casual mention of unpleasant events reacts on the poet himself. This may be taken as an instance of that kind. The son continues the narration. Kadambari had not closed her talk to Patralekha and that is continued.]

XI. ACCOUNT OF PATRALEKHA

Even if Patralekha could bring the prince to her, she was so full of bashfulness that she could not even look at him. Even if somehow she could manage to bring Chandrapida back to her, there were many obstacles still in the way. There was another great factor in the situation. Mahashveta had her great disappointments and Kadambari had expressed to her her own decision that she would not accept the hands of anyone so long as Mahashveta had to remain in that state of mental grief. But Mahashveta had insisted that Kadambari should not take such severe decisions. There was a likelihood of the Lord of Love working his way in such a manner that there would be a danger of her own life. But she was not thinking of such a course. She explained to Patralekha all the sorrows that she had been putting up with, which she had already made clear earlier. Kadambari asked Patralekha to give up all thoughts of bringing Chandrapida to her.

When she had said thus much, Kadambari appeared to be fainting and she lay down on the stone slab on which they had been sitting. Patralekha thought within herself about the condition of Kadambari and by that time the day was coming to a close. The sun was sinking down in the western horizon. There was a red hue pervading the whole region during the twilight. Patralekha again told Kadambari that she should not bring about so much suffering to her own heart which was undeserving of such grief. She promised Kadambari that she would go and bring Chandrapida to her immediately. The assurance gave some relief to Kadambari. Then she looked at Patralekha with a very eager look and asked the door-keeper who were available at that moment in the place. When she said so, a large number of young ladies wearing rich ornaments and carrying lamps in their hands rushed towards her. Kadambari told Patralekha that she should not take what she was saying as what would please her. She was able to continue her life only because she was able to meet her. If such be her decision, then she would consider it a great favour and she might bring Chandrapida to her again. She did everything that was suitable for the occasion of her taking leave, like offering her valuable clothes, ornaments and betel leaf and then she allowed Patralekha to leave the place.

Such was the account which Patralekha had to give to Chandrapida about her experiences at Hemakuta after Chandrapida had left the place, leaving her behind on the desire of Kadambari. Patralekha remained with her face turned down for a moment and after some moments of deep thought she again told him that it would not be proper on his part to leave Kadambari in such a condition and so far away from him. When Chandrapida heard what Patralekha had to say, he was full of thoughts about the various sides of the message that he had received from her and he put on a look of great distress

on his face, though by nature his face had always a look of great composure. His condition in all his limbs became what it was reported to be by Patralekha in the case of Kadambari in her state of grief and he said that he was equally distressed by the same feelings which gave so much distress to Kadambari and that he feared everything to be the effect of some curse from some one of supernatural powers. He regretted that he did not realise the full implications of the condition of Kadambari and her behaviour when they had met. Kadambari had placed the pearl necklace on his neck. Now he was feeling guilty. He wanted to take such steps that would be needed to make Kadambari understand that he was not a heartless and irresponsible person.

When they had been talking like this, the door-keeper, a young lady, entered and announced that the queen had heard about the return of Patralekha whom Chandrapida had left behind. She wanted Chandrapida to go to her along with Patralekha. The queen wanted Chandrapida to go to her immediately along with the young lady who was guarding the gate and through whom she had sent the message. When Chandrapida heard this message from his mother, he was wondering what he should do under the situation. The mother was unwilling to remain even a moment without seeing him and such was the message from Kadambari for whom he had developed a strong love for no reason which he could think of. His love for the mother was what he had from his birth and his desire to serve his father was also very strong in him. The Lord of Love was creating such a trouble for them. Further he had all his companions in the various princes with whom he had grown up. His people had been loving him and his love for the Gandharva princess, Kadambari, was still stronger. He could not give up the country of his birth. And yet he had to accept Kadambari. It was not an easy thing

to reach Hemakuta which was very far away. With such thoughts in his mind, he followed the lady who was guarding the gates and in the company of Patralekha he went to his mother. In his mind he had no other thought than that of Kadambari. He began to curse the Lord of Love for his failure to be ashamed of his behaviour in putting him to so much of grief at that moment. He was heaving heavy sighs. His mind was vacant. He was not in a mood to look at even the most charming things like the bright disc of the rising moon. He could find no joy in listening to music. He did not want any one, even his most intimate friends, to talk to him. He remained in the residence of his mother narrating various stories. Then he had to retire for the night in such a condition, when the day closed and when night came in. He spent a very hard time at night full of anxious thoughts. He spent a few days in this condition and he felt that he had been spending many thousands of days.

XII. THE ACCOUNT OF KEYURAKA

One day he went out of the city on foot and walked to the banks of the beautiful river Shipra flowing through the city of Ujjayini. When he was so wandering about on foot along the banks of the river, he noticed a large number of horses approaching him from a distance. He called one of his attendants and asked him to find out what it could be. He himself crossed the river wading through the current and halted in the temple dedicated to Subrahmanya, the son of Shiva, and waited for the information about the horses that had been fast approaching.

Patralekha was by his side. He was looking at the cavalry and pointing out to the army that had been thus moving fast, he told her that it must be Keyuraka coming that side. He could not identify his face in the beginning. But at that time, his face had become quite clear. Soon Keyuraka had dismounted and he went up to Chandrapida. Even from a distance Chandrapida asked him to go up to him and when he was sufficiently close by, he held him by his hand and gave him a tight embrace. He told Keyuraka that he concluded from his arrival that Kadambari must be happy without any sorrows to afflict her. He wanted Keyuraka to take rest and then to explain the cause of his arrival when there would be leisure. He mounted a she-elephant that was made available soon and asked Patralekha and Keyuraka to take their seats along with him. In this way he returned to his residence. It was with great difficulty that he managed to perform his daily duties. He asked all his attendants to retire and he allowed only Keyuraka and Patralekha to remain with him. Then, he went

into the garden and asked what message Keyuraka had brought from Kadambari, Mahashveta and Madalekha.

When Chandrapida said so, Keyuraka had taken his seat in front of Chandrapida; after making proper obeisances he told the prince that he had no message at all from any one of them. But he had to narrate some events after Chandrapida had left the place. Patralekha had stayed behind and Patralekha too left the place. She was entrusted to Meghanada, the commander of the army which had accompanied Chandrapida, and Keyuraka returned to Hemakuta to report that Chandrapida had already left the place for his own city of Ujjayini. When Mahashveta heard this news, she looked up, put on an air of despair and said, "Well, it is all like this". Then she went to the Acchoda lake to continue her life as a hermit according to her vow. Kadambari had not noticed the departure of Mahashveta. She asked Keyuraka to give some message to her. Thereafter she turned to Madalekha and asked her whether there could be another person who had done or who would do such a thing, which Chandrapida had done. Then she prohibited the entry into the place of all attendants and spent the whole day lying down on the bed, with her face covered up with the end of her garment.

Next morning Keyuraka went up to her. But she simply kept staring at him, saying nothing; it appeared from the expression on her face that she was scolding him about her condition when he and others were enjoying health and physical strength like that, that she wanted to tell him that she had nothing to gain from his presence and that she even wanted him to go away from her presence. Thinking that her intention was that Keyuraka should leave her presence, he decided to go over to Chandrapida straightaway without telling her about it.

Keyuraka asked Chandrapida to decide what he should do after hearing what he had to report about the conditions at Hemakuta and about the news relating to Kadambari and the other people there. Keyuraka had told him that when Kadambari met him for the first time, she began to develop some deep love for him and that at that moment she was putting up with great afflictions. During the whole day her condition remained unchanged. Nothing could give her any relief. He gave a full account of her pitiable condition. She had a regular routine both day and night. She was moving from place to place in the hope of finding some solace and she could find no solace at all in any place and under any condition. It was a very long story of intense suffering, and Chandrapida had to stop it after some time saying that he could not hear the news any further. He even fell down in a state of swoon.

After some time, he recovered; both Patralekha and Keyuraka had been trying to relieve him from his condition by fanning him. Then Chandrapida told Keyuraka how he felt about the entire situation. He knew the condition of Kadambari from Patralekha who had brought a message to him from Kadambari. It was all the working of Providence. How else could he have been drafted far away from his party by the sight of the two demi-gods with their horse-face? Then many accidents took place like his arrival at the lake on account of his extreme thirst and his meeting with Mahashveta. In the end, he had to leave the place all of a sudden without doing what he should have done for Kadambari, because there was the command from his father whom he could not disobey. Now he found himself placed so far away from Kadambari. Yet he wanted to meet her and do what could be done to help her.

At this time, the day had closed. The sun had set. There was a slight darkness spreading in the whole place and the

moon began to make his appearance. Chandrapida lay down on the marble slab which appeared to be letting water to flow from it when the rays of the moon had been falling on it. Keyuraka went up to him to give a gentle massage to his feet. He asked Keyuraka whether Kadambari would be able to maintain her courage till it would be possible for him to meet her, whether her companion Madalekha would be able to keep her in a state of solace, whether Mahashveta would go there again to give her some relief. He was eager to go there and see her sweet face once more and that without much delay. Keyuraka assured Chandrapida that he could maintain a sense of courage in his heart. But he should make arrangements to start for Hemakuta without much delay.

He asked Keyuraka to retire and have some rest. He was full of eagerness to go away from the place and reach Hemakuta. But there would be great difficulties in leaving the place. Could he escape from the place without saying anything to his parents? That would give no joy to him. That might not also bring about the results which he wanted. His heart would have no peace in such a state. He could not leave the place in such a way. The father had been bearing the entire burden of the government of the vast empire for a long time and at that moment he had placed the responsibility on his own shoulders. If he were to go away all of a sudden without any one knowing about it, then the entire army would chase him. The whole population, which had such a great regard for him, would follow him. He could not hide himself anywhere. If he were found out, what reply could he give to his father and how could he present his face to the father? What would be the position of his mother? Could he ask his parents to let him go because of his love for Kadambari? Could he say that Mahashveta had sent a message about the marriage? Could he say that Keyuraka had arrived with the object of escorting him to

Hemakuta? If he were to go away, then, half way, he was sure to meet the army that had been left in charge of Vaishampayana and that had not yet returned. His constant companion, Vaishampayana, was not there. Who was there to whom he could confide his wishes? Who could go and tell his father what the real state was? Thinking of such matters, he spent the night keeping awake, and the night seemed to have been unduly long for him on account of the anxieties in his mind.

In the morning a rumour had spread in the whole city that the army of Chandrapida which had been left behind under the charge of Vaishampayana, was returning and that it had already reached Dasapura. That was an occasion for great mental relief for Chandrapida. The return of Vaishampayana was an event for which he had been eagerly looking forward for a very long time. He had been thinking about his companion the whole night. He had no one to whom he could talk freely about his mind. Keyuraka had been going to him in the morning and even from a distance before Keyuraka had time to salute Chandrapida, he told him that all their hopes were fulfilled since Vaishampayana was returning. Keyuraka had been anxious to go back to Hemakuta. He went up to Chandrapida and sat near him. Chandrapida had indicated with a movement of his eyes that all attendants should retire. When there was no one left behind there, Keyuraka told Chandrapida that he was sure of his getting a chance to go to Hemakuta and meet Kadambari without much delay. But it would take some time for Chandrapida to make arrangements for starting after consulting Vaishampayana and preparing the necessary plans. But the condition of Kadambari was such that she could not bear that long delay. He knew that Chandrapida had already made his start with his mind and that he would make a start with his body without much lapse of time. There was no purpose to be served if Keyuraka would continue his stay in

that place. He wanted the permission of Chandrapida to start immediately to announce to Kadambari the happy news that Chandrapida would be coming behind. He was very happy about this suggestion. He also said that, along with Keyuraka, Patralekha too should go to Kadambari in advance of him so that Kadambari would be assured of his visit very soon after. He turned to Patralekha to know what she thought about it; she was only waiting for his words of command. Then Chandrapida summoned Meghanada through the young lady who was guarding the entrance. When Meghanada came immediately after receiving the command, Chandrapida told him that he should escort Patralekha to the very place where he had been ordered to remain to bring Patralekha. Chandrapida himself would follow after the arrival of Vaishampayana. When Meghanada had left the place, Chandrapida felt that there was no need for any further delay for their departure and he asked Keyuraka to return to Kadambari. He took out his ear-ornaments studded with various gems and handed it over to Keyuraka. Kadambari had sent no message through Keyuraka and there was no occasion for him to send a return message. But Patralekha would deliver to Kadambari whatever message was necessary on the occasion. He called Patralekha and asked her to tell Kadambari what his own condition was on account of his love for Kadambari. Kadambari should bear the sorrows for some time till he would be going there himself to meet her. He advised her that she should not worry her mind on account of separation from him. She should eat at proper times. She should follow a route for her journey, which would not be known to anyone. She should not halt or stay in any place on the route. He asked Keyuraka to go to the hermitage of Mahashveta and be there, after taking Patralekha to Kadambari, so that he could escort him to Hemakuta.

XIII. STORY OF VAISHAMPAYANA

When Keyuraka and Patralekha had gone, Chandrapida was full of eagerness for the immediate return of his army so that he could welcome Vaishampayana. He sent some one to go and find out the movements of the army and he himself went to his father. When Chandrapida went to his father Tarapida, and sat on the floor after proper salutations, he pulled Chandrapida up and asked him to take a seat on one of the chairs. He touched the young prince with his hands and then he told Shukanasa, the minister, who was present, that he could not fail to notice the youth that had come over the prince. He felt that the time had arrived when he should think of his marriage. Shukanasa should consult the queen, Vilasavati, and decide on a suitable bride for him. Shukanasa narrated every accomplishment that the prince had acquired and there was only one thing that remained undone and that was his marriage. Then they all went to the residence of the queen and the king told Vilasavati, the queen, what they had been thinking about. Later he went away. Chandrapida remained there for some time. Then he asked for permission to receive Vaishampayana even outside the city.

The night came up. Immediately conches were ordered to be sounded as an indication of the royal march of the prince to receive Vaishampayana. Chandrapida rode at the head of a large army fit for the royal welcome to be given to him. He went along the royal road that led to Dasapura. It was night. People were still sleeping. The road was clear for him. He covered a short distance by midnight. He was able to see the army coming towards him. His mind was full of thoughts

about meeting his companion Vaishampayana. He reached the army that had been camping in that place. The first thing that he wanted to know was the place where Vaishampayana was living.

There were some ladies doing their work and they did not know who was asking them the question. They simply asked why he was making enquiries about Vaishampayana when there was no such person in that locality. Chandrapida was very much surprised at this. He did not know what he was doing and what he was saying. Without asking any more questions and taking note of none, he went into the middle of the camp. There some of the princes recognised him on account of Indrayudha, the favourite horse, on which he was riding. He asked them where Vaishampayana was. They asked him to dismount at the foot of the tree that was there and they promised to narrate everything. This was a reply which he never expected and his heart was full of anxiety about his companion. Chandrapida was even in a swooning condition and the princes assisted him to dismount from the horse. He was helped to sit on a carpet. He did not know what was actually happening. He recovered and yet he did not know what he should say in that state. He was not seeing Vaishampayana anywhere there. He felt that something very disastrous must have taken place. He began to lose all interest in the world or life. He felt that the earth had become a vacuum. He was finding himself absolutely blind wherever he cast his looks. He did not know to whom he should put a question and what question he should ask. He had perhaps to return to his father and to the minister, Shukanasa, without Vaishampayana. And how could he do it? What could he say to console Vaishampayana's mother when she would be wailing over the loss of her dear son? With his heart full of eager anxiety and his mind full of such perplexing thoughts, he remained silent

for a short while, with down-cast looks. Then he took courage and made enquiries about Vaishampayana. He wanted to know whether, after his departure, there had been any battle or whether there was any spread of diseases. How was it that such a thunderbolt had fallen on him in that he was not meeting his companion, Vaishampayana, whom he had left in charge of the army. They replied that Vaishampayana was still contining to live. Chandrapida told them that he could not think of Vaishampayana remaining elsewhere if he were alive and that that was the reason why he made such a query about him. He wanted to know, if he be alive, what had happened to him that he had not yet arrived along with them. Where was he remaining? Why was he staying back? Why did they leave him off all alone and return without him? He was very eager to know how it was that they were not able to bring him also along with them. They asked Chandrapida to listen to the story that they had to narrate.

When Chandrapida had ordered that all of them should remain behind under the charge of Vaishampayana, they did not make a start that same day. The next day, they rang the bells to announce that the time for starting the march had arrived. They were making all the arrangements for starting; early in the morning. Vaishampayana had told them that in that vicinity there was a very sacred lake called the Acchoda, which he had known from the ancient epics. He suggested that all of them should bathe in the holy waters of that sacred lake and worship the Great God Shiva at the temple dedicated to him, on its shore, before they departed from that place. Saying so, he walked to the lake on foot. There he was looking all around, enjoying the beauty of the whole place and then he came to a bower of creepers. When he reached the place, he seemed to be remembering something. He stood gazing at it for a long time. When they noticed him in that mood, they thought that

he was attracted by the extreme charm of the place. It was only natural that such a youth with a sensitive heart should be attracted by such a place. After waiting for some time, they told him that he had seen what was worthy of being seen. It was time for them to start on their march back to Ujjayini. Time was getting late. The army had been got ready for the march. The whole army was waiting for his return to start on the grand march. When they had said so, he did not move at all, he did not even seem to have heard them. He remained absolutely silent. He remained looking at that bower of creepers with his eyes full of tears. They tried to hurry him and again and again they told him that the time was very late for their march. He became a little angry and said that he would not leave the place at all. He said that they could return along with the entire army. He also added that it would not be proper for them to continue to remain in that place along with the army that was really under the command of Chandrapida, when he had already gone away.

They felt that some sort of Fate had overtaken him. Yet they tried to persuade him to return to the country along with them. It would not be proper for them to go back without him. They reminded him of his position as the son of the minister who was the second in the country after king Tarapida, that he had been fondled by the queen herself like her own son and that he had been the constant companion of Chandrapida from their very birth, in play and in study. It was not proper for him to behave in such a manner. He should not discard all his people, the prince who was like an elder brother to him, and the king and the queen, and his own father and mother; he should not also disregard their own affection for him and also their devotion for him. After leaving him all alone in that desolate forest, what were they to say to Chanrapida? He was not some one entirely different from Chan-

drapida. They pleaded with him again and again to drop off that delusion in his mind and to take up the decision in favour of starting on the march.

When they talked to him in that way, he looked at them in a vacant manner and told them that he was not ignorant of the fact that they had been hurrying him to start off. He quite realised that he could not live all alone without Chandrapida, anywhere in the world. But he had been completely disabled by a new situation. He had lost all his control over himself. He felt that he was remembering something and he was not able to think of anything else. He felt that he was seeing something and he was not able to look at anything else. His mind was stuck to something and he was not able to feel for anything else. He found his feet in chains and he was not able to move away from that place. His body was, as it were, nailed down to that place. He was completely unable to go away from the place. He told them that if they tried to carry him away by force, then it would not be possible for him to live any longer after he would thus forcibly be moved away from that place. There was no meaning in their compelling him to start off. They should go away without him. They should enjoy the pleasure of meeting Chandrapida. As for himself, what was available in his hand had been forcibly taken away from him by Providence.

They asked him why he was saying that he did not propose to go to Chandrapida. He confessed that he was finding it too much of a shame to tell them what was in his mind. There was some ground for his refusal to go away from that place. He asked them to return to Ujjayini. He said that they had seen his condition. After that, Vaishampayana got up from his seat and began to wander about searching here and there as if he was trying to find out something which he had lost, moving about in places where there were trees, in the

bower of creepers, along the shore of the lake and in that temple there. He wandered about in that place for a long time and, returning to that bower of creepers, he flung himself down on the ground with a deep sigh. The other people also remained in that place in the hope that they would be able to remind him of his real position and his responsibilities. After waiting for a very long time, they again tried to appeal to him to take steps to preserve his body. He replied that his life was dearer to Chandrapida than his own life and that if they went back to Chandrapida, he would do whatever may be possible to preserve his body. What he was anxious about was his meeting with Chandrapida; he did not think of his own death with any consideration at all.

Saying these words, he got up from the place and bathed in the lake. He ate some roots and fruits, which the residents of the forest live on. They too followed his example when he had eaten something. They were all full of surprise about this new eventuality. They remained there for three days and three nights. They became despondent of his coming on his own accord or of their being able to carry him away by force or bring him back in any other manner. So they were compelled to leave him there with only a very limited number remaining behind to watch him and to look after him.

When Chandrapida heard this he began to wonder what the ground might be for such a detachment from the affairs of life taking hold of Vaishampayana. He found no reason on his part. All the princes used to worship him as much as himself, on account of their sense of loyalty to the king, his father. He was provided with all his wants without any fail, just as in his own case. All his commands were obeyed just like his own orders. He had all the luxuries which he himself had. The people were as much devoted to him as to himself. He had

not yet reached an age in his life or a stage when he should think of retirement from all worldly affairs. He had not even married. He had not really played his full part in his life as yet. He had not yet completed the three goals of life, namely, a virtuous life, acquisition of wealth and enjoyment of the pleasures of life. Chandrapida was perplexed about the step taken by his companion.

But he had to discharge the army after honouring the people with appropriate presents. He performed all his duties though his heart was in a vacant state. He went back to the camp and he entered his own residence. He remained the whole night in a very distressing mood, full of anxious thoughts. Could he leave that place without asking for the permission of his father and his mother and of the minister and his wife? If he did so, he would be doing what Vaishampayana had already done, something which he was himself regretting at that time. If he could manage to go in search of Vaishampayana, that would also give him an occasion to meet Kadambari and, to that extent, this event proved to be a blessing in disguise. If he were to tell them that he was going to bring Vaishampayana back, the king and the queen and the minister and his wife, would raise no sort of objection at all. If he should go, then he could persuade Vaishampayana to accompany him and straight forward they could go together to meet Kadambari also. He consoled himself that his suffering through the separation of Vaishampayana was something like an unpleasant drug which would bring ultimate happiness. He got up early in the morning and did his daily ablutions. He called all the princes and ate his early morning food along with them. He started back and early in the morning, he was back again at Ujjayini. On his way he noticed that all the people had been asking about Vaishampayana and talking about him. He felt that even the ordinary people were so

affectionate to Vaishampayana. What was the condition of himself when Vaishampayana had been his constant companion? With his heart heavy with grief on account of this separation from Vaishampayana, with tears in his eyes, he entered Ujjayini.

The news about Vaishampayana had already reached the city and, when he entered the palace, he could hear the wailing of Vaishampayana's mother about the loss of her son. He could also hear the words of consolation which his own mother, the queen, had been trying to give her. He was feeling very much ashamed to show his own face to his father. He entered the palace and approached his father and sat down at a distance. The minister, Shukanasa, was also there. The king even said that it was all the fault of Chandrapida. But the minister interrupted and said that there could be a fault in the prince only if there could be heat in the moon or darkness during day-time. The king should not at all think like that about the prince. To attribute evils to one who has only good qualities is the greatest cause of future suffering for any one. Especially so is the case when it is the father that attributes such a fault to the son. He delivered a long discourse on the nature of life and the sins and sufferings in man's life. After that he remained silent with tears flowing from his eyes. The king also replied in due form. The king started by saying that he had no right to give any advice to such a wise and learned person like his minister. He spoke about youth and the changes which a man undergoes when he passes from childhood to youth. At the end of his long reply, he suggested that proper steps should be taken under the situation. When, the discussion was going on like this between the king and the minister, Chandrapida said that he should be given a chance to save him from the sin of failure to return with Vaishampayana. He wanted himself to go to the place and bring his companion

back. Shukanasa informed the king about the desire of Chandrapida.

The king had been thinking of the happiness of the marriage of Chandrapida which they had been discussing about in those days. He had no hesitation in the matter of the departure of Chandrapida to bring Vaishampayana back. He knew also that the queen would not stand in the way. The king called Chandrapida and asked him to go to the inner apartments of the palace and to secure the queen's permission for his journey to bring Vaishampayana back. The king, accompanied by the minister, went into the place. Chandrapida went to the inner apartments and told the queen and the mother of Vaishampayana, who were sitting there together, fallen into the depths of grief on hearing about the calamity that had befallen Vaishampayana, that the king had already given his consent to Chandrapida to go and bring Vaishampayana himself. But the mother of Vaishampayana was not at all willing to let Chandrapida go. They had already suffered the grief on account of the separation from Vaishampayana. Now they would have a new grief through the departure of Chandrapida also. To them there was no difference between Vaishampayana and Chandrapida. If he remained, they would have the joy of having one of them with them. But the queen was very firm and she insisted that Chandrapida should go under all circumstances. She got up and went away along with the mother of Vaishampayana to make the necessary arrangements for the journey of Chandrapida.

Chandrapida spent some time in that very house talking about the arrangements for his journey and later he returned to his own home. There he asked the astrologers to determine the right day for such a journey. They said that, considering the position of the planets, that particular day was not very

auspicious for it. But the king determines the time and so, for any journey for royal purposes, any day and any time would be suitable. So it was decided that Chandrapida should start on the following day. He was to start at night. He felt very happy about the prospect of meeting Vaishampayana and Kadambari, which he felt to be certainties. That day and night passed like that.

The time came for him to start. The night had set in. The queen felt very unhappy at this impending separation. He had already left her once; but on that occasion the uneasiness in her heart had not been so very distressing as on this occasion. She did not want to shed tears, which would be inauspicious on such an occasion. She simply prayed for the speedy and successful return of her son. After taking leave of the queen, Chandrapida went to the residence of the king to formally take leave of him. The king also expressed his good wishes for his return with success in a short time. Chandrapida left him and then he went to the house of the minister, Shukanasa, to take leave of him. He was very eager about meeting Vaishampayana and Kadambari and he did not desire to delay any further. He took leave of him without any further delay. Arrangements had been made to give him an auspicious send-off near the Shipra River. But he did not take that route and went a short distance, where he decided to camp. He had only a very short sleep and, far earlier than the dawn, he got up and resumed his journey. He did not make any halt and continued his journey day and night. He was thinking of how he would take Vaishampayana by surprise and how he would meet Kadambari. Such thoughts engaged his mind completely and he did not at all feel the fatigue during such a severe journey.

But there came a very heavy rain which made it very difficult for him to proceed. In spite of all the difficulties, he

did not allow any delay on the way; he had to pass through forests and plains and villages and he had to travel day and night. He was on the way only during the day-time and even here he spent some time for rest only to eat his necessary food, though his companions, the princes who had been escorting him, tried to persuade him to take better care of his body. When he had completed a good part of the journey, with only a third part of the way yet to cover, he met Meghanada. He stopped him and said that he was more interested in hearing about the story of Vaishampayana, though Meghanada had the commission to escort Patralekha. He was ready to wait to receive any report about her. Chandrapida asked him whether he had met Vaishampayana on the shore of the Acchoda Lake and whether he asked him about the reason for his staying behind. Did Vaishampayana give any reply at all for his questions? Did he repent his action in discarding his people at Ujjayini? Did he remember them at all? Did he ask anything about Chandrapida? Did he send any message to his parents or to the king and the queen? Did Meghanada try to persuade him to return? Chandrapida asked many such questions to Meghanada.

Meghanada had been commissioned to take Kadambari to the banks of the Acchoda Lake. He did not at all know that Vaishampayana had been staying behind at the banks of that lake. He had been expecting Chandrapida to follow him, as he had promised. He had said that after meeting Vaishampayana, he would follow Meghanada. He waited for some time. The rainy season had started. When he could not meet Chandrapida, he allowed Patralekha and Keyuraka to go and he himself returned. He had no news about Vaishampayana. Chandrapida continued his journey and he finally reached the Acchoda Lake. Chandrapida was afraid that when Vaishampayana should meet them, he might try to escape from the place. So he asked his escorts to stand around the lake and to

take special note of anyone going out. Chandrapida examined all the places. There was no sign of Vaishampayana or his residence in the entire locality. He feared that perhaps he had heard about his arrival from Patralekha and had already made his escape. He could not proceed any further from that place without finding Vaishampayana. He found himself in a very despondent situation that he could not meet Kadambari nor could he discover Vaishampayana. He thought that Mahashveta was likely to know something about this affair and that it would be worthwhile to go and meet her. He proceeded towards the hermitage where she was performing the penance. He removed his military costume and wore only very light garments. He asked his escort to remain behind and went to the hermitage. The horse, Indrayudha and some of his escort followed him a little, out of the curiosity to meet Mahashveta. He went to the entrance of the cave where she had her hermitage and there he saw Mahashveta sitting on the white marble slab. But she made no sign of joy or other reaction at his approach and this filled him with great misgivings. That was an occasion when she should have been very happy. Perhaps some calamity had fallen on Kadambari or some other misfortune had taken place. Mahashveta's companion, Taralika, was there and so Chandrapida asked her what the matter could be. Taralika looked at the face of Mahashveta. Then Mahashveta herself began to reply.

After Chandrapida had left Hemakuta, Mahashveta returned to that place to continue her penance. It was with great difficulty that she managed to leave Kadambari. Still she had to do it. After she had reached the place, she happened to meet a Brahmin youth wandering about in that place. He had an empty look and his heart too appeared to be vacant. He seemed to be searching for something. When he approached Mahashveta he stared at her. They had never

met before and yet he seemed to have known her for a long time. They had never talked to each other and yet he seemed to have been very familiar with her. He was full of love for her. He seemed to be remembering something. He remained staring at her for a long time and then he began to talk. He said that if some one acted in a way that was appropriate for the age, no one would condemn such a behaviour. In her case it seemed to him that Providence was influencing her life inconsistent with her age. He wanted to know why she had taken to such a life of austerities and penances. She was putting her tender body to a strain which it did not deserve. She ought to have associated her body with what was befitting of her age and her handsome personality. Penance is what should come after one has his full enjoyments in life. It is such a penance that becomes worthy of adoration. He expressed his great pain of heart to see her undergoing such severe mortifications. If ladies of such charming personalities take to penance, then the Lord of Love handles his bow in vain. There is no meaning for the full moon to rise with all his charms. There is no purpose served by the advent of the Spring Season. Lotus and lilies and other flowers have no goal to reach through their beauties. There is no reason why people should grow gardens. Why should there be the bright moonlight?

When Mahashveta began to hear him saying things in this strain, her mind was full of thoughts of Pundarika, who loved her and whom she loved too, and she was not able to think of anything else. So she did not say a word in reply and she did not ask him who he was and why he went there. She simply turned away and went elsewhere. She called her companion Taralika and asked her to find out who he could be, herself trying to collect the flowers and other articles for her daily worship of the Great God. She also asked her to see that the man did not approach her again. If he persevered in

approaching in spite of her efforts, then something unfortunate would befall him; so she indicated a warning too. He did not withdraw from his attempts to approach her though he was prevented from moving further beyond. Perhaps he was too much under the influence of love, and Providence too was against him. Days passed; he remained in that vicinity. One night she was lying down on that stone slab. The night had come and her companion Taralika had gone to sleep. The moon rose and the whole place was illuminated by his bright rays. She again began to think of those old days when she had first met Pundarika. She wished very much that those very rays of the moon would fall on the body of Pundarika too. There was a prophecy and a promise from the celestial source that she would be re-united with him at some later date. It was a very long time since such events had taken place. Pundarika had not yet returned to her. His companion Kapinjala had chased him when some supernatural being had carried away the body of Pundarika. But Kapinjala had not yet come back even after such a very long time. Mahashveta had been pondering over all such old events and she could not get a wink of sleep.

Then that same young Brahmin made his appearance again at that place. He was walking very slowly and without making any noise. He appeared to have been sent there by the Lord of Love. He looked as if he was being carried forward in the flood of the moonlight. His face was dry. He was looking up. He did not seem to have retained any part of his courage of heart. He did not think of the other world that may be denied to him for such a conduct. He had lost all sense of what is and what is not proper. Mahashveta was afraid that he might go near her and touch her with his hands. In such a contingency, she could not continue her life any longer after such a betrayal of her loyalty to her lover, for

whose return she had been waiting for such a long time. He went up to Mahashveta and without any shame told her that he was being tortured to death by the moon, who is the companion of the Lord of Love. He went to her in search of refuge. She alone could protect him. He appealed to her to render her protection. He reminded her that to render protection to one who goes to her for such protection is the duty of even those who are engaged in penance.

Mahashveta became furious at this. Fire seemed to proceed from her head, which would burn him to death. She said, "O sinner, I do not know how it is that when you talk to me like this, the Thunderbolt does not fall on your head from above? How is it that your tongue does not burst into a hundred pieces? How is it that your words are not made immobile? I fear that your body is not made of the usual Five Elements; if there had been the combination of all such Elements, the fire should have burnt up your body and the wind should have carried you away and the water should have washed you off. I do not know how it is that you were produced as a human being in this world. You seem to be a brute in reality, though you have the form of a man; you do not know what you are thinking and what you are talking. If you are to talk like this as a parrot does, not knowing what is proper and what is not proper, how is it that you were not born in the class of parrots?" After saying this much, Mahashveta looked at the moon. Then she prayed to the great God that the person who had been talking like that to her might be born among the class of parrots. She said that she had been thinking only of Pundarika ever since they had met. This man was trying to make her false to her loyalty to her lover.

As soon as she had said this, that young Brahmin fell down on the ground like a tree that has been cut with an axe. Perhaps he was so much under the influence of love that

he could not bear such a rebuff or may be that such was the fruit of his own sin. It may even be as a result of the powers of her words of curse. When he fell down dead, she heard from the people who had been accompanying him that he was a close companion of Chandrapida. Such was the story which Mahashveta had narrated about that young Brahmin who had approached her. She was full of shame when she had to narrate the story in the presence of Chandrapida. She stood there silent with her looks cast down on the ground, and her eyes were full of tears.

Chandrapida heard this story with rapt attention; he said that though Mahashveta had tried her best to bring about his union with Kadambari, it was his own great misfortune that he could not meet her and be united to her. All that he could pray to her was that at least in his next birth, she might make the same effort and succeed. As soon as he had spoken so, his heart burst. Taralika who was standing by the side of Mahashveta went over to Chandrapida and she cried out, "O Princess, why are you so full of bashfulness? Look, the Prince Chandrapida seems to have become quite changed into another person. His neck is broken and it is not able to support his head. When I tried to move him, I find that he has no consciousness at all. His eyes have become absolutely senseless and do not move. His heart does not beat. O prince Chandrapida, the lover of Kadambari! Where have you gone leaving Kadambari behind?" Mahashveta stood staring at the body of Chandrapida. The entire army was in a state of gloom and confusion at this sudden turn of events. They began to talk about their own woe and about the misfortune in the whole country at the loss of such a great ruler. How could Tarapida and the queen live after hearing about this calamity? The same would be the position of the minister, Shukanasa, and his wife. When they

were talking like this, even the horse Indrayudha seemed to realise the sad plight and to try to end its life.

At that time, Kadambari had heard from Patralekha that Chandrapida would be arriving at the place and she took the permission of her parents and started to the hermitage of Mahashveta for the festivity of meeting her lover, Chandrapida, in the company of Patralekha and Madalekha and Keyuraka. She was full of joy at the prospect of meeting him and she was talking about it to her companions, Patralekha and Madalekha, on the way. But when she reached the place, she was able to meet Chandrapida with his life departed from his body. When she saw this, she was about to fall on the ground not knowing what was taking place; but Madalekha supported her. Patralekha, who had been holding the hand of Kadambari, left off her hands and fell flat on the ground. Kadambari who had swooned and who was about to fall on the ground, gradually recovered her senses and she remained like a painted picture. Madalekha asked her to resume courage. She must care for her parents. Without her, the two families, that of her father and that of her mother, would perish.

Kadambari replied that her heart seemed to her to be so hard that even in such a state, it did not burst into a thousand pieces. Relationships like father and mother and friends are for those who live. She could find an end to all the sorrows either through union with her lover if they lived or through her death after him when he was dead. She felt that there would be no meaning if she shed tears or if she wept. She knew that she had made a great mistake in falling in love with him without asking the permission of the parents, without consideration for the rules of good conduct, without bearing any shame. Now there was no sense in wailing. She had betrayed Mahashveta by entertaining such a love when she had given a promise to

her formerly that she would never think of marriage until Mahashveta was herself united to her lover. Under the circumstances, she felt that the best course would be to meet her death. All that she wanted her dear companions to do was to see that, hearing of her fate, her parents would not think of ending their life also. She requested her friends and companions that they should not think of her any longer. She had some trees and creepers in her garden which were as dear to her as her own children. She wanted Madalekha to unite the creeper and the plant to each other in wedlock. She talked about the various animals and the birds in the house, which were her dear companions. She turned from Madalekha and went over to Mahashveta. She held her in tight embrace. Her face was pale and free from all expressions. In that condition she addressed Mahashveta.

Kadambari said that Mahashveta had a prophecy, a promise, from some celestial source that one day she would be united to her lover. In her case there was no such occasion for any solace. It was but proper that Mahashveta should put up with her sorrows and await the happy day when she would again see her lover. But in the case of Kadambari there was no such hope. Under the circumstances, she had no other choice in the matter and she had to end her life. All that she could do was to take leave of her in this birth and pray for their re-union as friends and companions in her next birth. Her only hope was to meet her lover, Chandrapida, after death. So she lifted up the feet of Chandrapida and placed them on her own lap. At that moment it was found that some bright lustre went up from the body of Chandrapida, as luminous as the rays of the full moon. Then from the celestial regions, a word was heard which did not come from any particular person and the words fell on them like a shower of nectar. "O my dear Child, Mahashveta, now an occasion has arisen for me once more to

say something to console you. That body of Pundarika remains intact in my world, and you will once more be rejoined to it. It is kept safe from ruin with my own rays. Here is another body, the body of Chandrapida, which is of the nature of my own rays, in itself safe from any destruction and especially made safer against all ruin by the touch of the hands of Kadambari. That body is now safe from the evil effects of the curse. Let that body also be kept preserved, like the body of a man with supernatural powers who has transferred his soul to another body, until the entire effects of the curse are removed. This body shall not be ceremonially cremated in fire. It shall not either be thrown into the water. You shall not also discard it. You must preserve it with all effort until there is the final reunion."

Such was the message that was heard through the celestial voice. All except Patralekha remained stunned at this and they all stood with their faces lifted up and looking at the sky. Patralekha recovered her consciousness at these words from the celestial regions, which gave her all solace and courage. She rushed forward as if she was under the influence of some spirit. She took away the reins of the horse, Indrayudha, from the hands of the groom who had been taking care of the horse. She told them that whatever might happen to the others, the horse should not remain there alone without the master when the master had left them on a long journey. Saying this, she dived into the Acchoda Lake along with Indrayudha. As soon as they plunged into the lake, there arose in that very spot in the water, a young hermit wearing the sacred thread and also robes of tree-barks. As soon as he rose up from the water, he went in a hurry to Mahashveta and, with tears in his eyes and with sobs, he asked her whether she could recognise him though he had made his appearance there after coming from another birth. Mahashveta was full of joy though she

could not suppress her grief; she worshipped his feet and said, "O honoured Kapinjala, I am so much lacking in luck that I am incapable of even recognising a person like you. It is quite proper that you should feel that I might not recognise you at all because I have ceased to know myself. Even when my lord Pundarika had gone to the heavens, she must be a sinner to remain on the earth and in life. Now tell me who it was that lifted him up and carried him away. What was the purpose in carrying him off like this? What has happened to him and where is he now remaining? What happened to you yourself so that for such a long time you did not bring me any news at all about him? How is it that now you have come all alone without my lord?" When Mahashveta put such questions to him, he began to reply. All the people there, including the princes who had been accompanying Chandrapida, were full of surprise at what was coming about. He now began his narration of the story.

XIV. THE STORY OF KAPINJALA

He had to leave Mahashveta all alone though she had been wailing in great distress. He was full of affection for his companion and so he decided to do everything necessary to recover him. So he too went up into the heavens asking that person, who had lifted the body of Pundarika and carried it away, where he was going after forcibly taking possession of his body. But he never gave any reply. When he reached the celestial regions, the gods in their chariots and the divine ladies with their faces in shrowds, moved away from his path, all of them looking on with great surprise. They even saluted him when they saw him. Then he went up and reached the region of the moon. In that region, there is a great assembly hall named Mahodaya. There he placed the body of Pundarika on a couch made of moon-stone. Then in a very loud and majestic voice he said that he was the moon himself. At that time the moon had risen and he was following his routine work of illuminating the world. On account of the grief through love, he had cursed the moon at the point of his losing his life. Pundarika was in love and the moon caused him great grief in his heart through his rays. He was not able to gain union with his beloved. For this harm done to Pundarika, he cursed the moon that the moon too would be born as a human being in Bharata Varsha, the land of human activities, and in birth after birth he would suffer the pangs of love through inability to have union with a beloved. He too would lose his life through such severe griefs. Such was the curse which Pundarika had cast on the moon. The moon knew that he was himself innocent of any harm done to Pundarika. His rage flared up on account of such an undeserved curse. He had suffered only through his

own fault. So he became very angry with Pundarika and he returned the curse that Pundarika too would suffer the same pangs which the moon was himself to suffer.

At this stage, his anger began to subside. He was able to think more calmly and with greater discretion. He realised Pundarika's relations with Mahashveta. She was born in a family which was closely related to the rays of the moon. She had accepted Pundarika out of her own choice as her husband. On account of this curse, Pundarika, along with the moon, had to be born on the earth at least on two occasions. Because there was the term of the curse that he would suffer the pangs of unrealised love in birth after birth. There was the possibility of the body of Pundarika decaying when it was discarded by life. To avoid such a contingency and to preserve that body intact till Pundarika would be freed from that curse, the moon had carried the body away. He had also given words of solace to the girl, Mahashveta, who was a family relative of the moon. That body would remain without decay till the end of the period of the curse. The moon commissioned Kapinjala to go to Pundarika's father, Shvetaketu, and report everything to him. In that way Kapinjala left the moon.

But Kapinjala was over-burdened with grief and he did not know what he should do in that state of separation from his companion in life. He was wandering along the paths of the gods and demi-gods who would be moving along the same paths in their aerial vehicles. He crossed the path of one such being who was subjected to terrific wrath. He looked at Kapinjala with anger and it appeared that his eyes were emitting fire. Then he said that Kapinjala must have become blind on account of his powers acquired through penance, because he was bold enough to cross his path like an unbridled horse. For this lack of modesty and discretion, he cursed that Kapin-

jala would become a horse. Kapinjala regretted his own mistake. His eyes were filled with tears. He saluted the demi-god with folded hands and said that he became blind on account of grief through separation from his companion and not through any pride of powers acquired through his penances and he crossed his path on account of this misfortune. He appealed to him to show him some special favour by withdrawing the curse. But when a curse had been cast, that must work out its effects. But he could allow some small mitigation of the rigours of the curse. He would become the vehicle of some one for riding. When that one would die, then the end of the curse also would come. If such be the case, Kapinjala wanted some further favour from him. Pundarika and the moon had to be born on the earth as men as a result of some curses. He desired to be able to live as a horse in the company of the same two persons. The demi-god thought for a moment. He could see through his divine eyes into the future. He could find out that the moon would be born in Ujjayini as the son of the king Tarapida. Pundarika too would be born as his companion, as the son of the king's minister named Shukanasa. He promised that Kapinjala too would be born as a horse for the prince of Ujjayini to ride. As soon as this took place, Kapinjala fell down from the aerial regions into the ocean. He rose up in the form of a horse. Even when he was a horse, he could remember everything. That was how he was able to carry Chandrapida far away from his companions, following the pair of Kinnaras (the demi-gods), and to bring him to that very place. He told Mahashveta that the person whom she had cursed was the very Pundarika whom she loved and who loved her too. He had some sort of recollection of what he had experienced in his previous birth and that was how he made advances to her, being really her own lover.

Mahashveta heard this story and became filled with grief at what had taken place. She admired his love for her even in a succeeding life. She repented what she had done and condemned herself for the suffering and ruin which she had brought to her real lover. She struck her breast with her hands and fell down on the ground. But Kapinjala tried to console her when she was wailing in the most piteous manner. He assured her that there was no sin at all attached to her in that matter. He reminded her that soon there would be the dawn of happiness and that such was not the occasion to grieve. He had already told them that both of them had come to that state on account of the effects of some curse. The moon had already sent his message of solace, and they had heard that message. He advised Mahashveta to continue her life of austerity and penance which she had undertaken as a preparation for future happiness.

When Kapinjala had been consoling Mahashveta in this way, Kadambari turned to Kapinjala and said that he and Patralekha had plunged into the lake together. She wanted to know what had happened to Patralekha. He said that after plunging into the water, he knew nothing more about Patralekha. He was eager to know where Chandrapida and Vaishampayana had been born after their death and for that he wanted to go to Shvetaketu, the father of Pundarika. Saying this, he rose up into the celestial regions.

XV. THE DREARY VIGIL

When Kapinjala had departed, there was the army of the princes who had accompanied Chandrapida. They kept on staring at the body of Chandrapida and they were full of tears. Kadambari told Mahashveta that at that moment they had become real companions and that both of them had been suffering the same kind of pain in the heart. She wanted Mahashveta to advise her regarding the course which she should adopt in that condition. She was not herself in a position to decide on anything. Mahashveta said that there was no occasion for asking for advice or for tendering any advice. They had to look for the time when they would be able to be re-united to their lovers. The story of Pundarika had become clear through the narration of Kapinjala. She had taken to her vows relying on the trust-worthy nature of the celestial voice which gave her the message of solace. So far as Kadambari was concerned, there was the body of Chandrapida, the incarnation of the moon, at her side. She had to look after that body till the time would come when she would be re-united to him. Gods cannot be seen and so people prepare idols of gods with clay or timber or metal. 'In that case the body was available as a visible reality. There was nothing to be done other than to worship that body.

Kadambari managed to lift up the body of Chandrapida with the help of Taralika and Madalekha and placed it on another stone slab. She bathed, removed all her ornaments, washed off all traces of decorations in her body, changed into two clean white clothes and worshipped the body of Chandrapida with flowers and other articles collected from the place

as they do in the case of the idol of a god. She kept on looking at that body. She spent the day in that way. The night also passed in that same way. In the morning, Kadambari touched the body of Chandrapida with her tender hands and told Madalekha that she found no difference in that body and asked her also to examine it to see if that body was dead or not. Madalekha said that on account of the departure of life from that body, it was only the functions of the sense-organs that had come to a stop in it. Otherwise everything remained. The lustre on his face continued. The tuft of hair was also there just as what it had been before. Every limb remained with the same living beauty which it had when Chandrapida had been alive. Therefore the message they had received and the story narrated by Kapinjala must be accepted as true. Kadambari showed the body to Mahashveta and also to the princes who had been there. The princes paid their homage to Chandrapida and told Kadambari that though it was their misfortune that they lost their lord, there was the happiness that the body was remaining free from decay which was the fate of a body when life had departed from it. It was really a matter of extreme luck for the princes to have been able to see what had never taken place on the earth, that a body should remain intact after the death of the person.

Kadambari got up along with her companions and her attendants. She asked the princes to have their bath and their regular food. When the princes were ready after their ablutions, Kadambari ate some fruits and other articles supplied by Mahashveta. Then she asked Madalekha to go to Hemakuta and report to her parents what had taken place there; she was afraid to go and face them. Madalekha went to the parents of Kadambari and they were full of joy that their daughter was able to secure such a suitable companion without any effort on their own part; they were consoled that though

their prospective son-in-law was not alive, yet he would return to life again and that they would be able to welcome their daughter along with him at some time. Madalekha brought back the happy news to Kadambari after interviewing the parents.

That was the season of heavy rains and when the season ended, one day, Meghanada, the commander of the army of Chandrapida, went up to Kadambari. She was sitting at the feet of Chandrapida. He reported that messengers had arrived from the city to know the news about Chandrapida, who should have returned much earlier. The king and the queen and the minister and his wife were all very eager to know something about Chandrapida and the long absence was making them very uneasy. He told them that there was no message which they had to take back from Chandrapida. But the people were insistent that they should at least see Chandrapida. How else could they return to the city and what report could they make to the king and to the queen? Kadambari sympathised with the parents of her lover. She admitted that they were quite justified in refusing to return to the city without seeing Chandrapida. She asked him to admit the messengers from the city to the place. When they were approaching, Kadambari herself greeted them and welcomed them. They said that it would be impossible for them to return to the city without any positive news about the prince and about the son of the minister. Kadambari suggested that some one who had been a witness to everything that had taken place there should also accompany the messengers when they returned to the city and so Meghanada, the commander of Chandrapida's army, asked one of the young men in the company who had seen everything, to go with them and they all returned to the city.

At Ujjayini, the queen had been anxiously awaiting the news about Chandrapida, for which messengers had been sent. Day after day she had been going to the temple to worship there and to pray for the safe return of the prince. One day when she was in the temple, information reached her that the messengers had returned, who had been sent to bring news of Chandrapida. She remained in the temple and gave instructions for admitting them to her presence even within the temple precincts. They came. She asked them whether they had been able to meet Chandrapida. They replied that they could meet Chandrapida on the shore of the Acchoda Lake and they also added that the whole story would be narrated by the boy who had been sent along with them for the purpose. That reply forboded something that was unpleasant. There was nothing more to be heard. The fact that Chandrapida did not return along with them and that they did not give a straight reply about Chandrapida was enough to convince the queen that some calamity had befallen him. She wailed over her great loss. In the end she fell down in a state of swoon.

The news reached the ears of King Tarapida and immediately he mounted a she-elephant and, in the company of his minister, Shukanasa, went out of the city to go to the temple. He came to the temple and dismounted from the elephant. He noticed the queen in that state and he tried to console her with words of advice. There is a fate and they have done everything that they had to do. If their deeds did not bear fruits, the power of fate prevented such fruition and they were powerless against the workings of fate. As a matter of fact they had not known what had actually taken place. It was all a surmise. So he called the boy who could give the real story and the boy began to narrate everything since Chandrapida left the place. When he reached the stage of announcing that the heart of Chandrapida burst, the king

asked him to stop. He could no longer listen to the narration. He began to cry. But the boy said that though the heart of Chandrapida had burst, the body was still safe and was being preserved. When King Tarapida heard of the strange events that had taken place there, his interest in the narration began to grow and he asked the boy to give a complete account of everything that happened and he gave the whole story.

Then the king cast his looks on the face of his minister, Shukanasa. Under such conditions, only a friend could give him solace. Shukanasa said that things happen in the world which seem to be wonders. He narrated various stories about kings of prior age. At this stage, the queen suggested that they should go and meet Chandrapida. The minister's wife, Manorama, was still in her house and when she heard rumours about the return of the messengers, she started for the temple. When she reached the temple, the king asked the queen to give the entire news to her herself, as they had heard from the messengers. She departed to meet the minister's wife. Preparations were made for the journey to the place where Chandrapida's body was being preserved. When the king started, the entire population of Ujjayini desired to follow him and only the small staff necessary to guard the palace remained behind. But the king did not want such a large following which would be an obstacle to his speedy journey to the place. In a few days they reached the Acchoda Lake. When he was in that vicinity, he sent a special messenger along with the boy who had given the information about the events, to announce his arrival.

When the special messenger went there and announced the arrival of the king, the army of the princes who had followed Chandrapida from Ujjayini and who had been staying on at the place, went over to the king. The king told the queen what the army had reported about the condition of the

body of Chandrapida. She was full of grief that all the princes had come there and Chandrapida alone had kept behind. She asked the commander of the army, Meghanada, to give her the complete account of the situation and Meghanada replied that only the life function had departed from the body of Chandrapida and that day by day, the lustre of the body was only increasing. The queen suggested that all of them should go and see the body of Chandrapida. She mounted a she-elephant and went to the hermitage of Mahashveta.

When Mahashveta heard about the arrival of the parents of Chandrapida, she was full of shame and she rushed into the cave. Kadambari remained silent, resting herself on the arms of her companion. When both of them were in this state, the king entered the hermitage holding the hands of his minister, Shukanasa, as a support. The queen, along with Manorama, the wife of the minister, followed them. The queen rushed forward and wailing, she sat near the body of Chandrapida, embraced him and kept his legs on her head. The king asked her to abstain from such demonstrations. He told her that such things would not bring consciousness back to the body.

Then the queen went to Kadambari, eager to meet the object of her son's affection. Kadambari was still in a state of swoon. She was also full of shame. She was lying on the lap of Madalekha. She got up and saluted the mother of her own lover. The queen blessed her. addressing her as one who is not a widow. Slowly, Kadambari regained her full self-control. The king also greeted Kadambari. He said that there would be no purpose served if they remained in the place. Kadambari had been looking after the body of Chandrapida with as much devotion as a wife would do in the case of her husband. He asked her to continue the same attention. With

such words the king and all the people returned to his camp. He did not enter the residence that had been specially arranged for him. He went to another hermitage nearby that was suitable for the residence of a hermit. He called the army of the princes. He told them that he had decided to give up the position of being the emperor till he would be able to see his son's face after he would be united to his companion in life. Now that event had come to pass, though it was in a way different from what he had been hoping for. But there is a power called fate and they could not supercede the decisions of fate. He had decided to abide by his old determination to retire to a hermitage. So he wanted to continue his life in that hermitage. The king and the queen and the minister, Shukanasa, and his wife, took up their residence in the hermitage.

XVI. YEARS OF GLOOM

This was the long story narrated by the Sage, Jabali, about the wonderful parrot. He told the assembled people that he had wandered far from the main events. On account of some error, the hermit boy, Pundarika, fell down from the position in the heaven and he had to live as Vaishampayana, the son of Shukanasa, who was the minister of the king of Ujjayini named Tarapida. Now it was that same person who had become this parrot, as a result of further errors, through the curse of Mahashveta.

The parrot had been narrating his story to Shudraka, the king of Vidisha. He said that when the great Sage, Jabali, had reached this stage in his narration of his own story, he began to recollect what had taken place in his previous birth as the son of Shukanasa, the minister of the king of Ujjayini. He felt that he had woken up from a sleep. All the learning he had acquired during that birth revived in him. He became proficient in all the sciences and arts. He was also able to speak in the language of the people. It was only a human body that did not return to him. He remembered his companion, Chandrapida, the prince of Ujjayini and their mutual affection. His love for Mahashveta also revived in him. He was eager to find a method of joining her. He was still too small and he had no wings. So he could not behave like a man as he was in previous birth. He began to remember about his father and mother, about the king and the queen and about his companion, Chandrapida, and also about his first companion, Kapinjala and about Mahashveta. He was full of various kinds of anxieties in his heart. He was also full of shame about

his own indiscretions in his previous birth. He said to the Sage, Jabali, "Worshipful Sir, through your grace, I have been endowed with the recollection of everything in my previous births, about all my friends and relatives. In the state of ignorance, I could not remember them and in the same way, I could not think of any love either. Now when I think of them and also my deep love, my heart seems to be bursting. Now I have one favour to ask you. During the narration it was said that when Chandrapida heard about my fate, his heart had burst. Now kindly tell me what has happened to my companion Chandrapida. I may be living in the body of a lower animal, in the body of a parrot. But if I can live along with him, that would be a great consolation to me."

When Jabali heard this, he was a little irritated. He scolded the parrot for resorting to the very method which had brought him to that pitiable condition. The same thoughtlessness was still chasing him and he was welcoming it. His wings had not yet grown. First the parrot must become capable of freely moving about. Thereafter he could ask Jabali for the rest of the story. When Jabali said this, the hermit boy named Harita told him that he was curious to know how it was that though the parrot was born originally in the family of a great sage, he became subject to such pangs of physical love and how his life was so short though he belonged to some divine origin. Jabali explained that it is not the family that counts in the matter of the life of a person; there are many other attendant circumstances which determine the course of events in the life of an individual. There is a curse element in this case and when that period of the operation of the curse would expire, then he will enjoy a long life.

Hearing this, the parrot saluted the Sage by placing its head on the ground and asked the Sage to tell him how he

would be able to attain that long life. The Sage said that he would give that information too in course of time. The Sage wanted to close the story. They had started the narration when the night had begun, and at that time, it was nearly morning, since they spent the whole night in narrating the story and listening to it. He was himself very much interested in the story and so he did not mind having spent the night for its narration. The moon was setting and the stars were getting dim. The light of the dawn was spreading in the entire space. The birds in the Pampa Lake were making a noise announcing that all of them had waken up. The morning breeze was blowing gently. It was time for them to think of kindling their sacred fire. Thus he broke up the assembly and got up from his seat. Even when the Sage had got up from his seat, the other people remained there for some time more; they were very much overcome with feelings on account of the story that had been narrated. They did not even take note of the fact that the teacher had left the place. Some were filled with grief and others with joy; they shed tears. Some uttered the words, "O what a pity!" They all seemed to have been stiffened and become immobile.

Harita lifted up the parrot with his own hand and though there were other young hermits present there, he personally carried the parrot into his hemitage and placed it at one end of his own bed. Then he left the place to attend to his own morning duties. The parrot then began to revolve within its own mind over its condition. It was born as a hermit boy in the heavenly regions with a divine origin. Through its own faults it had become a parrot, a class of lower animals. It wanted to find out some method of getting out of that condition. It was also eager to rejoin its own companions whom it loved and who loved it during its previous birth. If it could not join them, then what purpose would be served by preserv-

ng such a life? It did not mind if its body fell down somewhere. It could not find any happiness in that body of a parrot. It wanted to get rid of it. It was prepared to leave everything to fate.

When it was in such a mood, Harita again made his presence and announced that Kapinjala, its companion in its original birth, had come there in search of it, having gone to the abode of its original father Shvetaketu. The parrot was very much overjoyed at hearing this information; it felt that it had wings grown on its body and that it could fly to its companion and it asked Harita where he was. Harita replied that Kapinjala was sitting near his father Jabali. Then the parrot told him that its heart was very eager to meet him and wanted him to take it to that place. Harita took the parrot to his father and there the parrot saw its companion Kapinjala. As soon as the parrot saw Kapinjala, the eyes of the parrot were filled with tears and the parrot asked him whether it could have the great joy of embracing him, though they had been separated from each other during two births. It wanted him to take his seat near it. Kapinjala lifted up the parrot, held it tightly close to his breast, enjoyed that embrace, placed its legs on his own head and began to weep bitterly. The parrot wanted to console him and said, "O my dear companion, Kapinjala, I am a sinner and I have been overcome with every kind of grief and suffering. You have started well. Even in your young days you were never touched by the evils that are obstacles on the path to the final goal. How is my father getting on? Does he remember his son? Is he subject to grief on account of my misfortunes? What did he say when he heard about my story? Was he angry?" By that time, a disciple of Harita had collected some tender leaves to make a seat for him and he sat on it. He took the parrot on his

own lap. Then he began his narration of the events after they had separated.

The father Shvetaketu was getting on in happiness. He had known of their story through his divine powers of sight. And he had also started on the necessary rituals to free them from the effects of their own actions. When Kapinjala had become freed from his life as a horse, he went up to Shvetaketu. His eyes were filled with tears and he was afraid to go near that great Sage. But even from a distance, Shvetaketu called him and told him that he need have no fear about any fault in him. He admitted that all the mistakes were traceable to himself. He should have known about what would be happening in future and he should have started on those rituals to avoid such dangers even when Pundarika was born. But at that time the rituals he had been performing were bearing fruit. Then Shvetaketu asked Kapinjala to take his seat near to himself. Kapinjala became emboldened by the words of Shvetaketu and he asked Shvetaketu to tell him where Pundarika was born and also to permit him to go to that place. Then Shvetaketu informed him that he was born in the class of parrots. He also told him that even if he were to go to the place where he would be, the parrot would not recognise him and he would not recognise the parrot. So he advised Kapinjala to remain by his own side.

But early in the morning, Shvetaketu called Kapinjala and told him that by that time the parrot had reached the hermitage of the great Sage, Jabali, and that he had regained his recollections about his previous birth. So he advised Kapinjala to go to that place. He also sent a message through Kapinjala along with his blessings. The message was that so long as Shvetaketu would be performing the great rituals meant to save his son from the effects of the curse, he should remain at the hermitage of Jabali. Kapinjala communicated the mes-

sage of Shvetaketu to the parrot; he was full of extreme grief on account of the fate of his companion. But the parrot tried to console him asking him not to feel so sad over the affair. It was not only it itself that had to suffer such conditions. Kapinjala too had to spend his life as a horse, had to serve another master and also to put up with various kinds of privations. Kapinjala's mouth was fit for the drink of Soma after the performance of grand rituals. But his mouth had really to bite the hard bridle. He had also to carry the heavy saddle and straps on his back. He had to suffer the slashes with the whip. In this way, the parrot tried to give some kind of consolation to Kapinjala, who was grieved at the condition of his companion as a parrot.

At noon, Harita went to the parrot again in the company of Kapinjala and gave it some food to eat. Then Kapinjala told the parrot that he had been commissioned by Shvetaketu to convey the message that the parrot should not move away from the hermitage of Jabali till the close of the rituals which Shvetaketu had been performing. He had to take part in it and so he wanted to depart and to join Shvetaketu. The parrot had nothing to say and it did not know what message it could send to the father and the mother. Kapinjala knew everything and he could use his own discretion in the matter when he would reach Shvetaketu. Kapinjala entrusted the parrot to the care of Harita and he went up to the celestial regions. All the young hermits in the place were full of wonder at this strange sight.

When Kapinjala had thus departed and disappeared in the regions high above, Harita wanted to have his own meal and so he asked another young hermit to remain by the side of the parrot. He left the place. In the evening also Harita went up to the parrot and had it fed with his own hands. When Harita was thus personally taking care of the parrot, wings began to

grow on the body of the parrot in a few days. The parrot felt that it could fly up into the sky. So he began to think of Chandrapida and of Mahashveta. He wanted to fly and go to them. It did not know anything about Chandrapida. Jabali did not communicate the information to the parrot when it asked about that matter. But it knew where Mahashveta was. After taking up such a decision, one day in the morning, it managed to escape from the hermitage and to fly in the northerly direction. It had no practice in flying and so even after going a short distance, the parrot felt that it was too tired to continue the journey. It began to feel thirsty also. It began to gasp. The parrot felt that it might even fall down here or there and in the end it let itself fall down on a tree with thick foliage, near a lake. Slowly it recovered from the extreme fatigue of the flight and then it came down from the tree. It went to the lake and had plenty of water to drink. It was also able to satisfy its hunger by eating the roots and the fruits that were available in that region. It decided to continue the journey in the afternoon and to spend some time, prior to continuing the journey, in taking complete rest. So it went up to a branch of the tree that was rather low. Slowly, the parrot went to sleep. When it woke up, the parrot found that it had been caught in a net from which it could not find an escape. In front there was a man of terrible looks standing. The parrot was despondent about its own safety, and yet it asked him who he was and for what purpose he caught it in that net. If what the man wanted was to eat the flesh of the bird, then he should have killed it even when it was asleep. What purpose would be served if he kept it in bondage like that? It had done no harm to him. If it were only a matter of curiosity, then his curiosity had been satisfied and he could release it. The parrot told him that it was on a long journey to meet its dear friends. Its heart could not bear such delay during the journey.

The hunter told the parrot that it was neither curiosity nor desire for flesh that made him to spread the net. He was a hunter and his master was in the neighbourhood. He had a little daughter. It was natural for girls of that tender age to have their own curiosities. She had heard from others that there was a wonderful parrot in the hermitage of Jabali. She wanted to get it and many such hunters had been sent out to catch the parrot. It was his luck that he was able to catch the parrot. It was only that girl that could decide whether the parrot was to remain in captivity or to be released. Such was the information which the hunter gave to the parrot. The words fell on the parrot like a thunderbolt. The parrot began to think of its fate. Shvetaketu, the great Sage, was its father. No one could pollute it. Now it was fate that it had to enter the camp of a hunter. It had to live in the company of the unholy hunters. It had to become a plaything in the hands of the hunter children. It even began to curse its original birth as Pundarika, the son of Shvetaketu. It was all the errors committed by it that resulted in such calamities and in such humiliations. It began to call upon the father to protect it from such a position. It even called upon its companion, Kapinjala, to go to its help.

The parrot again told the hunter that it was not a real parrot but a hermit boy in reality, who remembered the previous births and its own true nature. It promised him many a luck in life if only he woulds set it free. But he was not the man to listen to such words and he took hold of the little parrot and went towards the camp of the hunter chieftain. The parrot knew that such were the fruits of sins which it must have committed, and it desired to put an end to its own life. But it could do nothing. It was simply carried away and it reached the camp. The place was terrible. It would strike horror even into the hearts of those who are

accustomed to live in the hell. The parrot began to wonder whether at least that hunter girl would let it free out of compassion even when she would see it at a distance.

The hunter took the parrot to the camp and showed it to a repulsive-looking girl, saluting her even from a distance. She congratulated him for what he had been able to achieve. She took hold of the parrot from his hands. She accosted the parrot as her own son and said that it would not be able to go anywhere else and that it would not fall into the hands of anyone else. She put the parrot into a dirty cage made of wood, which the boys in the hunter's camp brought there. She asked the parrot to remain silent in that cage and she herself became silent. What was the parrot to do in that condition? Was it to make a request to her for release? Perhaps that might lead to greater suffering. She would not care for its suffering. If it remained silent, there was a greater likelihood of her letting it free. She must have caught the parrot because parrots talk. If that failed, then she might not require the parrot any longer and might let it fly off out of disgust. It was born in the celestial regions. Then it became a man on the earth and now it was a parrot. All such degradations had come to it because it could not control its senses. Now it decided that the best course under the circumstances would be to remain absolutely silent. They tried to talk, they tried to compel it to talk too; they even tried to hit it to make it talk. But it remained silent, and the only thing it did was to scream.

The next day the girl brought many fruits that were raw and that were ripe and also some water that was very fragrant. She began a discourse on eating and the discrimination between what are eatable and what are not, the distinction between what even sages could eat and what they do not eat. In the end she asked the parrot why it was not eating anything.

The parrot decided to eat the things. But it persisted in its silence. In this way time passed. The parrot attained the stage of full youth. Then all of a sudden it found itself sitting in that gold cage in which it was presented to king Shudraka. That hunter girl also changed into what the king had seen already when she entered his audience hall. The entire camp of the hunter became similar to the city of the gods. All signs of association with the hunters had disappeared. The parrot was full of amazement at this sudden change and it wanted to ask about it. But it had no time for such a question. That hunter girl brought the parrot to the presence of king Shudraka. The parrot did not know who she was, why she became a hunter, why the parrot was caught and why after catching it, it was brought to the presence of the king. The king must be curious to know all such details and the parrot said that it was equally curious to know.

Such was the long story which the parrot told king Shudraka, how it was born, how it went to the hermitage of the sage Jabali, how Jabali narrated its life-story for two previous generations, how it left the hermitage of Jabali and how it was brought to the presence of the king.

XVII. THE ETERNAL LIGHT

The hunter woman who had brought the parrot to the king was remaining outside. So the king, full of amazement, called the lady guarding the entrance and asked her to bring that hunter girl to his presence. Without much of a delay, she was escorted by the lady guarding the entrance. She addressed the king in a very majestic way, herself surpassing the king in her splendour. She said, "O ornament of the world, O moon, the lord of the stars, O you who give joy to the eyes of Kadambari, you have heard now the entire story of this parrot and also of yourself in the previous birth. Even in this birth, this parrot had disobeyed the oders of its father, out of love blinding its discretion. I am the mother of this parrot in its first birth. Its father knew about its flight from the hermitage of Jabali against his orders and she was sent to that place by him to take care of it so long as it had to remain within the class of lower animals as a parrot. It was kept in that environment of a hunter's camp to avoid people taking note of it. Now all the sins which he had done have finally run through their full course. The period of the operation of that curse has also come to a close. I wanted that both of you be united at this happy moment of the termination of the period of the curse and for that purpose, I have brought this parrot to you. Now both of you will abandon the body which is normally subject to death and rebirth and diseases and other forms of misery. Now you can enjoy the mutual reunion of the companions." Saying this much, she rose up to the celestial regions, her jingling ornaments making a sweet sound which filled the whole world, and all the people looked up in wonder at this event.

Love again struck the hearts of King Shudraka and of the parrot, in a very intensive way, never before experienced by them. The king could think of nothing but Kadambari. Wherever he looked he could see only Kadambari. He could think of nothing else. In the same way, the parrot also began to see only Mahashevta before it wherever it cast its looks. Its thoughts were always directed towards her. Both of them began to suffer excruciating pain of heart. They were despondent. They could not meet the objects of their love; they were far away from them. They could not forget them. Their pictures were too powerfully impressed in their hearts. They could not realise their company also. In the end their agony became so very strong that both of them lost their lives. It appeared that their bodies were made fit to be burnt in the fire of their love blazing from within.

That was the time when the spring season also started. In the hermitage of Mahashveta, Kadambari had been looking after the body of Chandrapida, as usual. She had been doing it for many years. She was full of hopes that one day the body would revive and that she would be able to rejoin him. When the spring season started, her heart was filled with eager longings for the re-union. She used to bathe the body of Chandrapida with fragrant waters and decorate it with sandal paste and garlands and other objects. One day when the spring season started, she was so much overcome with grief that after her daily routine of attending to the body of Chandrapida, she held him tight by his neck. That was the time when the life of the king Shudraka and of the parrot had come to an end. All of a sudden, to her great joy and amazement, Chandrapida looked at her, opening his eyes wide, full of life. There grew a special glow in his face. He smiled and addressed her, who was still holding him on by his neck, who was unable to leave him off. He said, "O timid lady, there need be no

fear in your heart. When you caught hold of me on my neck, I came to life again. You are born of the Gandharva family which had its origin in the nectar that gives immortality. I had told you that this body of mine is by its nature imperishable, and particularly has it become so on account of the touch of your hand, O Kadambari, born of such a family. You must still be remembering it. It is on account of the evil effects of the curse that though you had been touching me it did not come back to life till this time. Today for the second time, that curse has come to a close by which I had to suffer the pangs of love in life. I was in the body of King Shudraka and I have just now cast off that body. Now both this world and the world of the moon have become your property, which you can hold in your hands. The object of the love of your companion Mahashveta too has been released from his curse."

It was the body of Chandrapida that was thus speaking; but really it was the moon himself who had assumed the body of Chandrapida as a result of the curse. At that very moment there appeared in that place, the hermit boy Pundarika along with his companion Kapinjala, descending from the celestial regions. Pundarika had the same form and the same ornaments which he hād when his body disappeared. When Kadambari saw Pundarika approaching, she wanted to communicate the glad news to Mahashveta and she left off the body of Chandrapida and rushed towards her companion. By that time, Pundarika went over to Chandrapida, who caught hold of him in his arms and said that though he was Chandrapida's son-in-law in one sense, in so far as Chandrapida was the moon himself and Mahashveta was born of the dynasty originating from the rays of the moon, Pundarika should consider him only as a companion as they had been in their actual life.

Keyuraka went up, at this time, to Hemakuta to give the happy tidings to the father of Kadambari and to the father of Mahashveta. Madalekha went up to King Tarapida and the queen and, falling at their feet, she told them that through Providence, Chandrapida had come back to life, along with Vaishampayana, the son of the minister, Shukanasa. The king was full of supreme joy and he even appeared to be dancing. He asked Madalekha where he was and he went to the place along with Shukanasa. At that time, Chandrapida was holding Pundarika by his neck. The king congratulated Shukanasa, his minister, and said that the happiness has been made available for both of them at the same time. Chandrapida released Pundarika from his hold and fell at the feet of his father. But the king said that at that time, it was he who should prostrate and not the son. He had his divine element in him and at that time, he had deposited the kingdom on him and that he was himself only one among the citizens. All the princes who had been watching the event there, fell at the feet of Chandrapida. The queen also approached him and embraced him with full maternal affection. Chandrapida also saluted Shukanasa, the aged minister. Then he took Pundarika to his parents and to the minister and his wife and said that it was their son.

At this stage, Kapinjala approached Shukanasa and delivered a message which Pundarika's father, Shvetaketu, had comissioned him to pass on to Shukanasa. The message was to the effect that Pundarika had only been looked after by him in his childhood, but really he was the son of Shukanasa. He had immence love and regard for Shukanasa and he should consider Pundarika as his own son and train him properly in his life. Shukanasa should not disregard him as one belonging to someone else. Shvetaketu did not think of bringing him over to himself and sent him to Shukanasa, simply because

he was really Shukanasa's own son and not his. Shukhanasa took hold of Pundarika who had bowed his head to him as a mark of great respect, and then he told Kapinjala that he accepted the message of the great Sage. They spent that night in that place talking about various events in their lives in previous births. The morning came.

In the morning, the two kings of the Gandharva class, the father of Kadambari and the father of Mahashveta, came to that place accompanied by the queens and also by a large retinue of Gandharvas. There was a great festivity there at that time when the two Gandharva kings joined the parents of their respective sons-in-law. It was true that the king and the minister were in the beginning a little uneasy in the conduct of their sons. But everything ended in great rejoicings for all of them. Chitraratha, the father of Kadambari, asked the king why such a great festivity was being arranged in the forest when he had his own kingdom and capital city. He said that according to the conventions prevalent on such occasions, the king should visit Hemakuta, the abode of the Gandharvas, with whom he had gained this family relationship. Otherwise he should also go to the regions of the moon. Tarapida told the Gandharva king that if there could be so much of happiness in the forest, then the forest was the best home. He could not think of such happiness anywhere else. Further, the king told Kadambari's father that his kingdom had already been bestowed on his son. So he asked the Gandharva king to take his son to his home. He preferred to remain in the forest. Kadambari's father said that he would do what the king wanted and so along with Chandrapida, he went over to Hemakuta. When they reached Hemakuta, Chitraratha also bestowed his entire Gandharva kingdom on his son-in-law, Chandrapida. The father of Mahashveta also

handed his own position over to Pundarika. To them, there was nothing which could give greater rejoicing than to have been able to secure for their daughters the right husbands for whom they had been longing for such a length of time. They lived in great happiness at Hemakuta.

One day, Kadambari was found to put on a sad look; she asked Chandrapida, who was really the moon, what had happened to Patralekha. Chandrapida and Vaishampayana and Kapinjala had all died and then revived. She had no information about her dear friend Patralekha. Chandrapida told her that Patralekha was really the wife of the moon, named Rohini. When the moon became subjected to a curse and had to be born on the earth, Rohini decided to go to the earth as Patralekha so that she could serve her master even during his life on the earth as a man. Now she had returned to the region of the moon and he promised Kadambari that she could meet her friend when she would go to that region along with him.

By this time, the day closed and the night came. The moon rose up in the sky. Chandrapida enjoyed the first night in the company of Kadambari and he spent ten days in the residence of his father-in-law. Then he went over to see his father. Now, Chandrapida had become the king. But he placed the burden of the government of the country in the hands of Pundarika. Chandrapida never forgot that he was really the king of Ujjayini. So he spent most of his time at Ujjayini, in the company of Kadambari. Sometimes he went over to Hemakuta, the birth-place of Kadambari and sometimes he spent his time in the region of the moon, which was his own region in so far as he was the moon himself. He always thought of his companion, Pundarika, and so

he spent his time occasionally at the residence of Shvetaketu, the father of Pundarika. Thus dividing his time among various places, he lived in happiness in the company of Kadambari. Pundarika also lived in happiness in the company of Mahashveta. All the four continued their mutual affection, and lived together.

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GLOSSARY

Acchoda — A holy lake. Most of the chief events in the Romance took place on its shore.

Agastya — A great sage who had his hermitage in the Vindhya regions in the south. The parrot Vaishampayana was born on a silk-cotton tree by its side, and nearby was the hermitage of Jabali, who narrated the major part of the story.

Apsaras — A class of celestial nymphs. Mahashveta was the daughter of one such nymph named Gauri, wife of Hamsa who was the king of one of the class of demi-gods known as Gandharvas.

Bharata Varsha — One of the divisions of the earth in which human beings live. It is the present India.

Chamari — A kind of antelope whose tail is used as a fan to be waved in front of kings as a symbol of royalty.

Chandrapida — Son of Tarapida, king of Ujjayini and the queen Vilasavati. He was the moon himself born on the earth as the result of a curse. He married Kadambari.

Chaitraratha — A garden planned and worked out by Chitraratha who was the king of one of the clans of the Gandharvas. The Gandharvas lived in those regions.

Chitraratha — King of one of the clans of Gandharvas, father of Kadambari.

Daksha — One of the Prajapatis or Lords of the People. The two Gandharva clans originated from the two daughters of Daksha. Kadambari and Mahashveta belong to those two clans.

Gauri — Wife of Hamsa, the king of one of the Gandharva clans and mother of Mahashveta.

Gandharvas — A kind of demi-gods. There are Kinnaras as another class of demi-gods.

Harita — A hermit boy, son of Jabali, who took care of the parrot, Vaishampayana.

Hemakuta — The mountain on which the Gandharvas lived and where Kadambari was born.

Hamsa — King of one of the Gandharva clans, father of Mahashveta.

Indra — Lord of the heavens and king of the gods.

Indrayudha — A wonderful horse which belonged to Chandrapida. Really it was Kapinjala in its previous birth, born as a horse on account of a curse. Kapinjala was the companion of Pundarika who later married Mahashveta.

Jabali — A great sage who lived in his hermitage on the shore of the lake Pampa. The major part of the story was narrated by him, when the parrot Vaishampayana was taken to him by his son Harita.

Kadambari — The heroine, daughter of the Gandharva king Chitraratha and Madira.

Kailasa — A mountain in the north, the abode of the Great God, Shiva.

Kalindi — A she-parrot which was a pet of Kadambari, and was united in wedlock with Parihasa, another parrot which too was a pet of Kadambari.

Kapinjala — A hermit boy who was a companion of Pundarika and who became the horse, Indrayudha, on account of a curse.

Keyuraka — A young Gandharva who was a great friend of Kadambari.

Kimpurusha Varsha — A region far to the north of Bharata Varsha or India, where the demi-gods live.

Kinnaras — A kind of demi-gods. It was a pair of this class of demi-gods that attracted Chandrapida during his hunt far away from his camp and his companions.

Kiratas — A class of people living in the mountains.

Kuluta — A country. Patralekha was the daughter of the king of the Kulutas.

Lakshmi — Mother of Pundarika. She came to the earth as a hunter girl to take care of the parrot Vaishampayana, who was originally the son of the sage Shvetaketu and Lakshmi, when the parrot flew from his safe abode at the hermitage of Jabali and who later brought the parrot to King Shudraka.

Meghanada — The commander of the army of Chandrapida.

Madalekha — One of the companions of Kadambari.

Madira — Mother of Kadambari.

Mahabharata——The grand epic of Sanskrit recited before the people in temples and other places.

Mahashveta — Daughter of the Gandharva king Hamsa and of Gauri, the celestial nymph belonging to the class of Apsaras.

Manorama — Wife of Shukanasa, the minister of Tarapida and father of Vaishampayana, the companion of Chandrapida.

Matanga — The chieftain of the hunters who took and killed the father of the parrot Vaishampayana.

Nandana — The garden in the heavenly regions where Indra is the lord and where the divine tree, Parijata, grew. The presiding deity of this garden presented the flower to Pundarika.

Pampa — A lake in the Vindhya region. The parrot, Vaishampayana, was born of a silk-cotton tree on its shore and the hermitage of the great sage, Jabali, was also on its side.

Parihasa — A parrot which was a pet of Kadambari and which was joined in wedlock to another parrot named Kalindi, also a pet of Kadambari.

Parijata — A celestial tree growing in the heavenly garden of Nandana. Pundarika was wearing the flower of this tree on his ears when he first met Mahashveta.

Patralekha — The companion of Chandrapida, whom the queen, the mother of Chandrapida, gave him. She was the daughter of the king of the Kulutas. She was originally Rohini, the wife of the moon, who came down to the earth to serve her husband when he had to be born as a man on the earth as the result of a curse. She jumped into the Acchoda Lake when Chandrapida's heart burst.

Shiva — The Great God, one of the Three in the Indian tradition.

Shudraka — The king of Vidisha. He was Chandrapida in his previous birth, and Chandrapida was the moon himself, born on the earth as a man as the result of a curse.

Shukanasa — The minister of Tarapida, the father of Chandrapida. Shukanasa was the father of Vaishampayana, who

was Pundarika in his previous birth and who became the parrot Vaishampayana in his next birth, as the result of a curse. Both these births of Pundarika were the results of that curse.

Subramanya — Son of the Great God, Shiva; there is a temple in Ujjayini, dedicated to Subrahmanya.

Suvarnapura — A city to the extreme north, where Chandrapida terminated his Campaign of Victory and where he camped at the end; it was from this camp that he went for the hunting expedition and reached the Acchoda Lake.

Shvetaketu — A great sage, father of Pundarika, and it is this Pundarika who, through a curse, became Vaishampayana, son of Shukanasa and companion of Chandrapida and who later became, through the same curse, the parrot Vaishampayana.

Tamalika — One of the attendants of Kadambari.

Taralika — The companion of Mahashveta.

Tarapida — King of Ujjayini and father of Chandrapida.

Ucchaihshravas — The horse belonging to Indra, the lord of the heavens. It was produced among the many gems when the gods and the demons churned the ocean to secure nectar.

Ujjayini — The famous city, the capital of Avanti. Tarapida was the king of Ujjayini.

Vaishampayana — Son of Shukanasa, the minister of Tarapida, was the king of Ujjayini. He was the companion of Chandrapida, the son of Tarapida. He was Pundarika, son of Shvetaketu in his previous birth and he became

Vaishampayana, the parrot in his next birth. Both these births were the result of a curse.

Vetravati — The river at Vidisha.

Vidisha — The capital city of Shudraka; it is there that the scene in Kalidasa's *Malavikagnimitra,* is laid. In some places, Agnimitra has been identified with King Shudraka.

Vilasavati — Queen of Tarapida, the king of Ujjayini, and mother of Chandrapida.

Vindhya — The mountain in the middle of India, stretching from east to west.

Vishnu — The Great God, one of the Three in Indian tradition.

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THE AUTHOR

Born in a royal family of Kerala, the cradle of Sanskrit and the land of Sankara, on 18th September 1895, Dr. Chittenjore Kunhan Raja imbibed Sanskrit learning even with his mother's milk. He had a brilliant academic career in the Universities of Madras and Oxford. Training in the Universities of Heidelberg and Marburg (Germany) groomed him further to become the first Professor of Sanskrit in Madras University in 1927, a position which he held with rare distinction for twenty-three years. He again scored a first, becoming Professor of Sanskrit in Teheran University (Iran), where he spent four years. Returning to India he found another 'first' awaiting him, this time the Professorship of Sanskrit in the Andhra University. In 1960 he had to give up this position due to indifferent health and retire to Bangalore.

While at Madras, Dr. Kunhan Raja was in charge of the Adyar Library. He wrote profusely in the form of editorial notes, introductions and translations and also some original works. Connected with many academic institutions in India and abroad, he organised many manuscript libraries. The Vedas, Sanskrit Literature and Philosophy were his forte.

Dr. Kunhan Raja had an ambitious programme to publish a series of works epitomising the wealth of his studies in India's civilization, culture and literature. But before he could do so, he passed away in October 1963.